

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 5, 1956

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FOOTBALL'S SIXTH WEEK
THE BIG GAMES IN DETAIL
WHO'S WHO AT MIDSEASON

HANDSOME DAN IX

YALE-DARTMOUTH WEEKEND





SUDDENLY, IT'S 1960...PLYMOUTH!



➤ In one flaming moment, Plymouth leaps three full years ahead—the wig car that dares to break the time barrier! Plymouth's traditionally great engineering brings you tremendous power for safety with the fabulous new Fury "301" V-8 engine...revolutionary new Torsion-Aire ride...exhilarating new sports car handling...new super-safe Total Contact Brakes...dramatic Flight-Sweep Styling. The car you might have expected in 1960 is at your dealer's now! See it! ... Drive it! ... Buy it!

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It's smart
to use
premium
gasoline



ETHYL
CORPORATION
New York 17, N. Y.



COVER: YALE BUILDING
Photograph by Jerry Cade

The first football mascot, so far as anyone can now recall, was Handsome Dan, a bulldog who belonged to a member of the Yale class of 1892. The present Handsome Dan, pictured on this week's cover, is the ninth in a long succession and, like the "wishbone" on the cheerleaders' megaphones, he is a symbol of Ivy football. For news of the Yale team and color pictures of a Yale football weekend, turn to page 29.

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AN SI SPECIAL: ON TO AUSTRALIA

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In the first of a special pre-Olympic series, WILLIAM L. WINGGREN and ARVID LARSEN Jacobs parting in words and an animated map the world's most sporting continent, while LARRY COX looks over Melbourne's restaurants and entertainment and a YOU SHOULD KNOW advises air travelers on packing for the plane

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HOCKEY AS RUSSELL HOBAN SEES AND PAINTS IT

The joy and heartbreak of a great game, portrayed in unforgettable paintings, plus a report on the season to date

GERALD HOLLAND TALKS WITH DUFFY DAUGHERTY

An intimate portrait of the Michigan State coach, by the writer who brought you Riskey, Lashy, Stengel—and the elusive striver



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Questions

*How much does
superior equipment have to
do with improved athletic
performances?*

J. LYMAN BINGHAM



New York
Executive Director
Olympic Committee

A great deal. The hammer is improved with one grip instead of two. The discus is streamlined with a sharper edge. Javelins, vaulting poles and hurdles are improved. Springer trucks help runners make better time. The sprinters run on poorer tracks covered with loose blades.

HARRY A. ROCHFELLER



New Brunswick
Athletic Director
Rutgers University

Scientifically prepared track composition and expert maintenance have reduced running time. Starting blocks and improved shoes help greatly. In baseball, web gloves make phenomenal catches a habit, not occasional. Better construction of swimming pools has helped make new records.

HANK GREENBERG



General Manager
Cleveland Indians

Superior equipment undoubtedly helps. But that's not the main reason for better performance and the breaking of so many records. The inherent desire and zeal of all athletes to do better than their predecessors is mainly responsible. Training is more intensive and improved.

JAMES F. SUMMS



New York
Assistant Secretary-
Treasurer, A&U

The natural athlete with the will to win will come through regardless of equipment. However, improved tracks, steel vaulting poles, etc. unquestionably aid him. Manufacturers hire skilled technicians and spend huge sums for improved equipment to help athletes make new records.

ED DUDLEY



Augusta, Ga.
Golf pro

Yes. Many golfers switch from inferior to good equipment and improve their hitting and control by as much as 75%. Thicker and longer club faces allow more margin for error. Shafts are easier to swing. The head of the club has three positions, so we can fit any person, according to build.

MERRILL BEAULEY



Forest Hills, N.Y.
Tennis expert

In tennis there'd be no superlative players without improved equipment. There is no substitute for quality. That goes for rackets, strings, balls, shoes, nets and even the green backdrops. When a player switches to the finest equipment, he immediately plays better.

continued on page 8

ORDEAL

ON THE

DESERT

How much can steel—and men—endure? Over the blinding white salt of the famed Bonneville Flats, the 1957 Ford endured 50,000 miles at a fabulous 108.16 mph. In less than twenty days it set 438 national and international records. This is the true story of those days. Never before has anything traveled so far in so short a time, by land or sea.

THIR LONGEST left turn in history began on a desert of salt at 1:50 p.m. on Sunday, September 9, 1956.

As the United States Auto Club (USAC) Giner flagged the start of the run, two Fords flashed past the two batteries of photo-electric cells and dwindled swiftly into black specks on the blinding white salt.

Once the cars had disappeared on the first lap, those who were left lit cigarettes and relaxed. One said: "How can I do my work if I keep my fingers crossed for the next couple of weeks?" They all looked at the landscape; for a while there would be nothing else to do.

Except to watch the Fords go by. And by. And by again. Five thousand times.

The landscape that the cars whizzed over is a special kind of hell. Bonneville Salt Flats is one of the most desolate deserts on earth. Nothing can live on it, nothing can grow; not an insect, not a weed. It is as barren as the plains of the moon.

When waterfowl fly each year across the flats, some of them alight unsuspectingly in the brackish puddles, to rest. Those they die, their plumage fouled by the greasy, sticky salt. The

(Continued next page)



... ORDEAL ON THE DESERT

"Flats" stretch over 3,000 square miles of western Utah. The famous race-track section is 200 square miles of crystalline salt; hard as concrete, without dust, pure white, smooth.

The sky is blue, the salt is white, the nearby mountains are a dead dun

are populated only by rattlesnakes and little darting horned toads.

All summer long the day this mountain air heats to 100 degrees in the day; when the sun plunges behind the mountains the temperature drops swiftly to 50 degrees or less.

Through the blazing heat of day, through the biting cold of night, through nature's temperature torture, the Fords piled up the miles.

The Flats have had almost no history through the slow centuries: the dead salt turned back all travelers. In 1846 the ill-fated Donner party dragged their carcasses of dying men slowly across the bitter 90 miles; the tracks of those covered wagons are still clearly cut in the salt, undisturbed for a century. The Flats defied the railroads until 1900, and the highway builders until 1920. But already by 1914 the Flats had been discovered as the ideal place to test a car's performance and endurance. The nearby town of Wendover began to make automobile news all over the world.

INTO this harsh science-fiction landscape, shortly after Labor Day this year, came a crew of human beings of different talents. Twelve of them were veteran drivers, race and performance-test champions.

Fifteen were pit men, mechanics with an odd assortment of skills. They are the best men in the world at doing things for which there is practically no call, such as filling the gas tank of a car in less than 17 seconds.

The rest were observers, cameramen—and most importantly, USAC and Federation Internationale de Automobile officials.

The test had been carefully and deliberately designed to measure the sheer endurance, the absolute stamina of a completely new kind of automobile—the 1957 Ford. The Ford management had coldly decided to make the test in the most difficult possible way.

Official rules, standards and procedures were to be honored to the exact letter.



The photo-electric cells registered in the timing-check each thousandth of a second throughout the run.

brown, the far mountains purple, the farthest mountains blue. These are the colors of Bounteville, just as they have been for some 70,000 years. At dawn the salt is pink, at sunset the salt is gold.

The mountains around the ancient lake bed are as brutal, as savagely forbidding as the vast white sheet of salt—and almost as dead; they grow only sagebrush and tumbleweeds, and



There was to be no leeway from start to finish, no margins, no allowances. *Every second, including all pit stops, was to be counted.*

THE USAC AND FIA men, who were supervising the entire test, had to be at the track 24 hours a day, as long as the run continued. Four





officials had to be in the Timing Shack. In three little sun-baked huts around the rim of the 10-mile track were three "spotters" endlessly reporting as the cars zipped past their stations.

THE monotony began. The pit crews had a dull time. They are so fantastically expert that they can complete a full pit stop in as little as 17 seconds. This leaves them with 59 minutes and 43 seconds to kill until the next pit stop.

The cars whirled on over the ten miles of salt all that Sunday afternoon, on the long gradual left turn that seemed endless.

In the afternoons, in the steady mirages of the Salt Flats, the mountains often seem to hang suspended, six feet off the ground. And so did the cars—floating softly, silently, swiftly, high above the brilliant white desert of salt.

Especially swiftly.

FOR the most severe rule of all was the true basis of the test: the cars had to go at high speeds in order to break the records they were after. The way to torture a car most hideously is to keep it at high speed until it melts or snaps or erodes or falls apart.

These speeds were truly high. The first 24 hours were run at over 110 miles per hour, then the cars were throttled down to a running speed of over 110 mph.

The blue-and-white Ford flicked by. Then the black-and-yellow. Again and again. The records began to fall, slowly at first. Each hour meant 110 miles of driving, or 11 times around the ten-mile track. Every two or three hours a substitute driver swung into each car.

The clock was the enemy of the cars whirling over the salt. It's not

even a clock, but an electrical machine without moving parts—accurate to within 1/1000 of a second.

Outside the Time Shack stood two facing batteries of photo-electric cells, one on each side of the track. Each time a car passed between these cells, the timing device in the shack automatically imprinted on paper the exact thousandth of a second.

Once the timer clicked into action, as it did on September 9, nothing could be done until the men and the steel gave up, fatigued beyond endurance. It ticked away all the seconds in the pit, all the seconds of high noon and full moon, the heat and the chill, the time to eat and sleep.

And at every pit stop, every hour an eagle-eyed official had to record the temperature in the sun, in the shade, and on the salt, as well as the wind velocity, for a complete record of weather conditions.

The sun dropped out of sight, the

couldn't play cards—the important hands always come up just before a pit stop.

The time went on. Sunday became Monday. Tuesday and Wednesday went by. Still the cars were floating silently over the salt at 110 miles per hour. Then it was Thursday and Friday and pretty soon Sunday again—the cars had run a week at this torturing, furious speed.

And along went another Monday, another Tuesday—and the records were still falling.

Time and monotony and fatigue play tricks on human beings. Once a driver went right through the pit at 110 miles an hour. Once one of the pit men idly splashed a paper cup full of water at the windshield of the car as it passed. But water is like a solid lamp when struck at 110 miles an hour—the water went right through the windshield. The glass was taped up. The car rolled on.



35,835 miles: the tension mounts. Shaded against the white glare, officials watched the Fords tick off the miles.

moon flustered up. The little smudge pots were lighted along the inner circle of the track, the tiny yellow flames flickering as the cars swooshed by into the velvet desert dark.

The pit men drank coffee and smoked and read, sunbathing by day, working in sweaters at night. They

A pit stop works like this: while the car is still slowing down, with the engine turned off, one mechanic hits the front fender with a piece of metal to ground all electricity. Another, already crouching behind with gas hose in hand, begins squirting gasoline

(Continued next page)

through the air into the hole of the tank while the car is still moving. By this time the hood is up, a mechanic is checking the oil, another is checking the plugs and the carburetor, and the car has run over lifts to allow other men to get below and check the suspension, the driveshaft, the springs and the gears. It seems a moment only—and then the car has leaped away again.

Gradually the pit stops grew more tense. How long could the Fords go on with no change except oil and gas and water? How long could steel—and men—endure?

The second Wednesday passed, and Thursday. The sun came up blazed, sank; the moon came up, the desert was chill, they drank coffee and drove and drove and drove, and still the Fords were running around that gigantic left turn at 110 miles per hour.

The drivers carried lots of food. The monotony of this kind of driving grinds the nerves. They ate grapes—one grape at a time, a couple of grapes each lap, trying to make it only one grape per lap. They would write notes as they rode, little jokes to throw out at the pit stops.

The second week dragged slowly, mile by mile, hour by hour. Now everyone was tense. The records had fallen in clusters.

WHAT was all this proving? What good is all this speed? The real answer came from Crew Chief Danny E. Kames during the



In these lonely sun-baked huts, pitmen stayed on watch 24 hours a day.

grinds "No one should go this fast except racing drivers—and then only on race tracks—never highways.

"This kind of test is designed to improve the breed of cars, to test their durability. We're not after mere speed.

"The big thing is to torture the engine, the chassis, the body, and all the thousands of parts at high speed for tremendous distances. Here we've got an all-new car, a new kind of Ford, and we wanted to prove to ourselves, as well as to the American people, just what we had.

"And there it is, running like a streak, running perfectly after 30,000 miles at over 110 miles per hour. Still sweet. Still smooth.

"This is better than fine-car performance. This is a damned fine automobile."

AND still the two Fords whirled on over the salt, salt that was no longer smooth, but deeply pitted with bone-crushing potholes. Hitting them again and again—and again—at this furious, grinding speed was a fiendish test of running gear, of body, of chassis—and of men.

Finally, on September 28 at 8:10 p.m., Ford Car No. 1 reached the impossible goal: 50,000 miles at an average of 108.16 miles per hour, including all pit stops.

Car No. 2 finished a short time later, averaging over 107 miles per hour—both cars still running sweetly, both ready to continue for thousands of miles more.

But no need to. They had broken virtually every world record from one kilometer and one mile to 50,000 miles—including 30 of the top possible class of records—the "world

unlimited" class. Never before had anything traveled so far in so short a time—by land or sea.

Everyone shook hands. The drivers, the pit men, the officials, the observers, photographers and TV cameramen. They unhooked the clock, and left the salt to bleach as it has through the centuries.

THUS ended the longest left turn in history, quietly, unceremoniously.

Just as a matter of interest, previous to this test, the same two Fords warmed up with a 1957 Ford convertible on the famous Bonneville straightaway. They showed their get-up-and-go by smashing 57 national acceleration records.

By the time the Fords left Bonneville, the record book was rewritten... with 458 new national and international records listed for the New Kind of Ford.

There is only one thing left. Shake hands with your Ford dealer. He'll introduce you to a car identical in every tiny respect with the two cars that have just done the impossible. And he has them in 19 different models, on two different wheelbases. And with your choice of engines, all the way from the Mileage-Maker Six, the economy champion, to the Thunderbird 312 Super V-8s.

This is the New Kind of Ford, the car with the Mark of Tomorrow.

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

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IN ENDURANCE**

United States Auto Club

Sports Commission

CERTIFICATE OF PERFORMANCE

The undersigned certify in the name of the United States Auto Club Sports Commission (1847 Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) that on September 28, 1957, Ford Car No. 1, a 1957 Ford, completed a run of 50,000 miles at an average speed of 108.16 miles per hour, including all pit stops.

1957 Ford Performance Cars Division
Books all existing American stock car records
"Class B" Closed Car Division
1 mile to 50,000 miles
50,000 miles at 100-110 mph

USAC Officials certify under their sanction that the 1957 Ford records were made by a 1957 Ford prepared for production model all parts of which met specifications identical to those now being sold to the public.

[Signatures]

HOTBOX

Continued from page 1

JOHN W. BURN



Greeley, Col.
Head football coach,
Colorado State College

It plays its part, but other factors are more responsible for today's records. New-found knowledge in training and conditioning is one. Another is the application of mechanics, resulting in new techniques. A course in physics is now a requisite to good coaching and top competition.

GEORGE BARNUM



Longwood, Ill.
Vice President
A.G. Spalding & Bros.

Vastly improved golf ball-and club-increased for lower scores. There is no question about that. It was never possible to obtain perfection in matched sets with hickory shafts. Don't forget, though, that today's stars practice and play in more tournaments than the old boys did.

CLAUDE E. CARR



St. Paul
President, Hastings
Sporting Goods Co.

Very much. Improved protective equipment, particularly knee protectors and headgear, now, has given football players additional confidence. Advance designs in baseball gloves have made possible new fielding marks. A perfectly shaped baseball has led to new scoring records.

ROBERT T. JONES JR.



Atlanta
It's *lover of golf's*
Golf Club

The effect is considerable for amateurs and pros. Golf balls are better and more uniformly balanced. With the improved modern clubs, the boys drive farther and putt more accurately. However, at the big tournaments, the best place to have superior equipment is between the ears.

Continued on next page



Okey... in a Big Way
this Water-mill
Tweed Topper
a Varsity Town
Style Major
loomed by *Carey*

Many style-wonderful big things have again happened to Varsity Town's famed Water-mill Tweed Topcoats. There's big new beauty in V. T.-invented tones and patterns of imported wool, big-yarn tweeds. There's big comfort and smartness in big, sweeping Bul Collar Raglan models.

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HOTBOX

continued from page 3

JOHN A. HILBERTON JR.



Formerly, American Football

It has helped, flow much worse, depending on how great a factor equipment is in a sport. Most of the credit, however, goes to today's athlete. He, in turn, owes much of his success to highly specialized coaching and training which has developed into a modern science.

ARIEL R. KIVLAT



New York Former Olympic Boxer

Equipment today is far superior. Tracks are better built and faster. Spiked shoes are much lighter. But more important is new records on modern training methods. We used to train two or three times a week. Now they train daily, sometimes twice a day, often against the clock.

NEXT WEEK:

Which do you like better—
baseball or football—and why?
(Asked of women)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



HERE I WAS: Photographer Wallace Kirkland, in wait for a shot of a duck-filled Canadian sky, an assignment he received from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* two weeks earlier. Having already traveled to the Hay Lakes deep in the Northwest Territories, he is now near Strathmore, Alberta. It is Sunday, Sept. 30.

A few days later Kirkland wrote us a note, which I think explains his reputation both as an indelible photographer and a most entertaining writer:

When we arrived at Hay Lakes on Wednesday, foggy mistshook the ducks shivering and any moment in the flocks started them off to the middle of the lake. Three a.m. Thursday drove by wagon to the south end of Lake Zouen. Made a blind and spent a few hours hoping the ducks would return. All morning back to camp. Had looked forward to a hot battered meal, but while we were gone a couple of Indians raided the camp and cleaned up the two bottles I had left in my haberdash. Their drunken caravans lay under a nearby clump of willow. Prying up before daylight again, but during the night a wild station had stampeded our team. All was set for cleaning up the assignment Monday. But it started to rain before dawn. With a break in the clouds we crowded the last few hundred yards through the grass. Not a duck. The 50-mile gale had blown all the water out of that end of the lake and the ducks with it.

Weathered in, is what was now a comparatively duckless world. Kirkland had to wait three days until on Thursday he caught the once-a-month rail plane to Edmonton. There he heard about ducks near Strathmore, some 240 miles south.

I drove down by private car with two friends. We pushed a shift into a hushback about and they covered us with a pulled-apart week-end house. For four hours I lay there while they herded ducks. Then with a roar like a railroad train, about 1500 or twenty thousand took off—and I hope we got what was wanted.

I did get in a bonus for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* by going on a TV sports program in Edmonton, to which everyone with a red license. I told about the efforts *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* makes for its pictures. I also thanked the Canadians for raising the ducks for U.S. sportsmen to shoot at.

And, Kirkland might have added, for a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* photographer to shoot at. For it was a Kirkland picture in our *WATERFOWL PREVIEW* two weeks ago which gave U.S. sportsmen good cause to look forward to a record-breaking season.

Harry R. Paul for

how many temperatures do you live in ... per week?

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COMING EVENTS

Nov. 21 through Nov. 23

● TV ★ CABLE TV ● NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES U.S. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2

- Boxing**
● Pauli Kral vs. Henry (Toughkick) Brown, Light weights (30 lbs.), Washington, D.C., 12 p.m. (NBC)
- Hockey**
Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.
- Roads**
Grand National Road, San Francisco (through Nov. 11).

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3

- Auto Racing**
National sports car race, Palm Springs, Calif. (also Nov. 4).
- Football**
(Leading college games)
- EST**

- Johns vs. Calgate, West Point, N.Y.
Bates vs. Bowdoin, Lewiston, Me.
Boston College vs. Williams, Boston.
Boston U. vs. Holy Cross, Boston.
● Columbia vs. Cornell, New York, 1:30 p.m. (CBS)
Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, Cambridge, Mass.
Maryland vs. Kentucky, College Park, Md.
● Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore, 1:30 p.m. (ABC)
● TNV, Miami (radio). Men to watch: Notre Dame's Bozang (5) and Navy's Dierham (23).
Purdue vs. Iowa, West Lafayette, Ind.
Syracuse vs. Penn State, Syracuse, N.Y.
Temple vs. Lehigh, Philadelphia.
West Virginia vs. George Washington, Morgantown, W. Va.
Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Alabama vs. Georgia, Birmingham.
● Duke vs. Georgia Tech, Durham, N.C., 1:30 p.m. (ABC; CBS)
Florida vs. Auburn, Gainesville, Fla.
LSU vs. Mississippi, Baton Rouge.
Rice vs. Utah, Houston.
Tennessee vs. North Carolina, Knoxville, Tenn.
TCU vs. Baylor, Fort Worth.
Texas vs. Southern Methodist, Austin, Texas.
Texas A&M vs. Arkansas, College Station, Texas.
Tulane vs. Mississippi St., New Orleans.
Virginia vs. Vanderbilt, Charlottesville, Va.
Wake Forest vs. North Carolina St., Winston-Salem, N.C.

WEST

- Indiana vs. Marquette, Bloomington, Ind.
Iowa vs. Michigan, Iowa City, Iowa.
Iowa State vs. Drake, Ames, Iowa.
Kansas State vs. Kansas, Manhattan, Kan.
Michigan State vs. Wisconsin, East Lansing, Mich.
Minnesota vs. Pittsburgh, Minneapolis.
Nebraska vs. Missouri, Lincoln, Neb.
Northwestern vs. Ohio State, Evanston, Ill.
Purdue vs. Illinois, Lafayette, Ind.
Tulsa vs. College of Pacific, Tulsa, Okla.

NON-WEIGHT

- California vs. Oregon, Berkeley, Calif., 1:15 p.m. (P.S.) (NBC-TV, Men to watch: Cal's Drew (12) and Oregon's Chanley (23).
Colorado vs. Oklahoma, Boulder, Col.
Oregon State vs. Washington, Portland, Ore.
UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles.
Washington State vs. Southern California, Pullman, Wash.

Horse Racing

- Calumet Fair Handicap, \$75,000, 3-yr-olds 8 up, 1 1/4 m., Jamaica, N.Y., 1:30 p.m. (CBS)
Benjamin Franklin Handicap, \$75,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Garden State Pl., N.J.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4

- Auto Racing**
MASCAR late model short track racing, Fayetteville, N.C.
● U.S. Auto Club championship stock car race, Agona, Calif.
- Boxing**
● Port Wayne vs. New York, Port Wayne, Ind.
Manassas vs. Rochester, Manassas.
Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Syracuse, N.Y.
- Football**
Professional (CBS)
● Chicago Cardinals vs. Philadelphia, Chicago.
● Green Bay vs. Cleveland, Milwaukee.
● Los Angeles vs. Chicago Bears, Los Angeles.
● Pittsburgh vs. New York, Pittsburgh.
San Francisco vs. Detroit, San Francisco.
- Hockey**
Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5

- Boxing**
● Wayne Barlow vs. Howard Turner, heavyweight (160 lbs.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (Star-TV, Mount video)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6

- Horse Racing**
The Barmen, \$28,000, 2-yr-olds colts, 1 1/16 m., Jamaica, N.Y.
Vandal Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds 8 up, \$100 and under, 1 1/4 m., Garden State Pl., N.J.
- Track & Field**
Metropolitan Intercollegiate 1988 & Field Assoc. cross country championships, Van Cortlandt Park, N.Y.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7

- Boxing**
Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester.
St. Louis vs. New York, St. Louis.
- Hockey**
New York vs. Boston, New York.
Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8

- Hockey**
Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.
Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.
Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9

- Boxing**
Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia.
- Boxing**
● Sahel (Frick) Steele vs. Miguel Berroa, welterweights (130 lbs.), Madison Square Garden, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)

- Track & Field**
Hedgepeth Games Assoc. cross country championships, Van Cortlandt Park, N.Y.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10

- Boxing**
Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston.
Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia.
Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester.
St. Louis vs. Port Wayne, St. Louis.

- Football**
(Leading college games)
- EST**

- Army vs. William & Mary, West Point, N.Y.
Bowdoin vs. Maine, Brunswick, Me.
Brown vs. Cornell, Providence.
Calgate vs. Bucknell, Hamilton, N.Y.
Carmichael vs. Columbia, Haverhill, Mass.
Maryland vs. Clemson, College Park, Md.
Penn State vs. Boston U., University Park, Pa.

continued on page 14

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COMING EVENTS

continued from page 12

- Pitt vs. Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, 1:20 p.m.
- Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton, N.J., 1:30 p.m. (CBS*)
- Syracuse vs. Holy Cross, Syracuse, N.Y.
- Villanova vs. Citadel, Villanova, Pa.
- West Virginia vs. VMI, Morgantown, W. Va.
- Yale vs. Pennsylvania, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Arizona vs. Rice, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Auburn vs. Mississippi State, Auburn, Ala.
- Baylor vs. Texas, Waco, Texas.
- Duke vs. Mary, Durham, N.C.
- Florida vs. Georgia, Jacksonville.
- Georgia Tech vs. Tennessee, Atlanta.
- Kentucky vs. Vanderbilt, Lexington, Ky.
- Louisiana State vs. Oklahoma A&M, Dallas.
- N.C. State vs. South Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
- SMU vs. Texas A&M, Dallas.
- Texas Tech vs. TCU, Lubbock, Texas.
- Tulane vs. Alabama, New Orleans, 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS)
- Virginia vs. North Carolina, Charlottesville, Va.
- Virginia Tech vs. Wake Forest, Blacksburg, Va.

WEST

- Iowa State vs. Oklahoma, Ames, Iowa.
- Kansas vs. Nebraska, Lawrence, Kan.
- Marquette vs. Kansas State, Milwaukee.
- Michigan vs. Illinois, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Michigan State vs. Purdue, East Lansing, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Iowa, Minneapolis, 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS*)
- Wisconsin vs. Colorado, Columbia, Ws.
- Ohio State vs. Indiana, Columbus, Ohio.
- Wisconsin vs. Northwestern, Madison, Ws.

FAR WEST

- Denver vs. Brigham Young, Denver.
- Idaho vs. Utah State, Boise, Idaho.
- Montana vs. Wyoming, Billings, Mont.
- Oregon vs. Washington State, Eugene, Ore.
- Stanford vs. Oregon State, Stanford, Calif.
- USC vs. California, Los Angeles.
- Washington vs. UCLA, Seattle.

Harness Racing

- American Racing Classic (second leg), \$75,000, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.
- American Trotting Classic (third leg), \$75,000, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

- Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
- New York vs. Detroit, New York.
- Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Horse Racing

- American Jockey Club Stakes, \$75,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 m., Churchill Downs, Louisville.
- Beyer Handicap, 120,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 1/2 m., Jervis, N.Y.
- The Sallie, \$10,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/2 m., Laurel, Md.

Hunt Racing

- Montpelier Hunt Races, Montpelier Station, Va.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 100-mile National Convertible Classic race, Jacksonville, F.E.
- SCAR Race and Hound's Rally, Pittsburgh.

Baseball

- Fort Wayne vs. St. Louis, Fort Wayne, Ind.
- Rochester vs. Minneapolis, New York vs. Philadelphia, New York.

Football

- Professional (CBS*)
- Chicago Bears vs. Green Bay, Chicago.
- Cleveland vs. Baltimore, Cleveland.
- Los Angeles vs. San Francisco, San Angeles.
- New York vs. Chicago Cardinals, New York.
- Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia.
- Washington vs. Detroit, Washington.

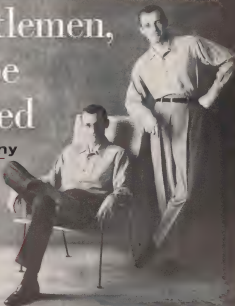
Hockey

- Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
- Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.

*See local listing

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NOW IN NOVEMBER

College football now enters the November tilt with the type on the form chart as thoroughly pined as the most English fan could wish. Of the original Eleven Best Eleven, Oklahoma, of course, remains unchallenged—indeed, untested. After their crushing 40-0 victory over a Notre Dame team that had dared to nurse thoughts of an upset, the conclusion was inescapable: they are certainly the team of the year, if not the decade or possibly all time. Georgia Tech, too, has

got to show signs of frailty, but their worst days are still ahead, particularly against unbroken and united Tennessee. Elsewhere, all the mighty have fallen. Last Saturday's action saw Illinois deliver the blow to Michigan State, which for one glorious week had enjoyed a national ranking ahead of Oklahoma. In lower de rees the other sports followed: Michigan at the hands of Minnesota, USC to Stanford, Mississippi to Arkansas, TCU to Miami, Yale to Calgate,

IN THE MIDWEST: ILLINOIS HURDLES OVER STATE

IT WAS, perhaps, almost too melodramatic. There was hunky Abe Woodson, the high hurdler who just missed the Olympic squad, rocketing down the field in the last period with what could be the winning touchdown for downtrodden Illinois against mighty Michigan State. And there was the last every defender driving hard and low for the game-saving tackle at midfield.

Head level and body erect, Woodson did what came naturally: he hurdled. Inexplicably, the enemy sprawled on the turf. When Woodson alighted there was no one between him and an improbable, magnificent upset for Illinois, 20-13.

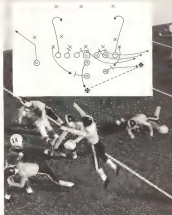
When 71,119 ecstatically howling Illinois homecomers

stood up and let loose a cheer that must have carried all the way to Melbourne, his teammates had to help Woodson off the field. He had run too far, too fast, too often. His hurdling sprint covered 82 yards. Minutes before, with Illinois trailing 13 to 6, he had dashed 79 yards to tie the score, and in the third quarter he had scored Illinois' first touchdown on a two-yard dive. In all, he gained 199 yards against the top-ranked team in the nation.

Plagued by butterflyfingers and injuries (key Halfback Clarence Poole went out with a bad knee early in the second half), State never did roll against a team that had lost three of its first four games. "They deserved to win," MSU

THE ILLINI SCREEN

Football mania, introduced for the first time last week, here demonstrates the play which sealed the biggest upset of a football Saturday headed with surprise. This is the screen pass which Illinois used to break Hurdlie Champion Abe Woodson loose for 82 yards and the winning touchdown against Michigan State, rated the No. 1 team in the nation until Woodson staggered across the goal line on this wonderful gambit by sophomore Quarterback Ed Oleschberger. The play started from the Illini 18. Michigan State had just tried a field goal from the 34, and Woodson, crouched beneath the goal posts, ran the short kick out. On the first play from scrimmage, Oleschberger called this screen. Woodson (46), at right half, blocked the Michigan State left end briefly, then cut out into the right flat area. The Illinois center (32), right guard (38) and right tackle (99) blocked for three quick counts, then swung wide to the right to set the screen in front of Woodson. Oleschberger (14) had first faked a pass to his hooking ends to bring the defense in a bit, then fell away from the unhampered rush of the Michigan State line-men. Just before they reached him, he lobbed a short pass over their heads to the waiting Woodson, who took off down the right sideline, conveyed by the screen of three linemen. Woodson went about 16 yards down the right sideline, then cut across field at the Illinois 34-yard line, threading his way down the left sideline when he turned goalward again. Art Johnson (91), deepest man in the Michigan State secondary, tried desperately to pin the Best Woodson at the State 34-yard line, but Woodson, who has twice tied the world 50-yard high hurdle record and ran fourth in the trials for this year's Olympic team, cleared Johnson (see picture, far right) as neatly as he ever cleared a hurdle and hurried on for the touchdown. It was a perfect play.



Coach Duffy Daugherty said quietly after Wooden had smashed State's undefeated record. "They played inspired, determined football."

But Illinois was not the only Big Ten team that was arranging upsets and hurdles last Saturday. Before he sent his underdog Minnesota team out to play Michigan, Coach Murray Warmath had a man-to-man chat with his team about the lush oasis that lay at the end of the rugged Big Ten schedule: the Rose Bowl. "We talked it over," said Warmath, "and we decided we had to hurdle Michigan to be considered for the Rose Bowl. If we didn't make the hurdle, we didn't deserve to go."

It was a fine day for hurdling—balmy and blue and so sunny that the Michigan homecoming crowd of 84,639 bought eyeshades, and Minnesota's six male cheerleaders showed up in immaculate white Bermuda shorts. Early in the second period Michigan Halfback Terry Barr sliced 16 yards to cap a 92-yard drive and put the Wolverines in front. But Barr was limping when he came back to the huddle, so Coach Bennie Oosterbaan yanked him for good. With Barr went the Michigan offense and, as it turned out, the ball game.

In the second half Minnesota caught a heady whiff of roses. Ranging away at the Michigan line from tackle to tackle like a nearsighted dentist looking for a cavity, Minnesota Quarterback Bobby Cox coolly directed his crunching split-T attack to three touchdowns. Cox bothered to pass only once in that second half (it was incomplete) and the Michigan defense soon looked like a crap game: 11 men huddled around the ball, all leaning toward the center.

It did to good. Minnesota hustled out of each huddle so fast that Michigan's shifting, stunting defense never got

set. "The tactic was disconcertingly effective," admitted Oosterbaan after the game. Cox, a confident, 22-year-old transfer from the University of Washington, made two of the three touchdowns himself, the last on a deft improvisation with the ball on the Michigan seven. Cox called a handoff to Right Half Bob Schultz, but when he came down the line to give up the ball he found Schultz heading for a nest of tacklers. Without breaking stride Cox ducked around Schultz and wiggled through the line a step farther out for the touchdown. "If I made it, I was a hero," Cox chuckled later. "If I missed it, I was a bum." Final score: Minnesota 20, Michigan 7.

When Cox and Wooden had finished their afternoon's work, the Big Ten was thoroughly scrambled. There really are two separate races going on in the league, one for the championship and one for the Rose Bowl. Neither of the two preseason favorites for the championship—Ohio State and Michigan State—can go to the Rose Bowl. Ohio State is on probation and Michigan State went last year. Michigan, despite its loss to Michigan State, was

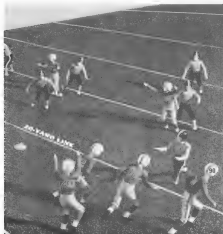
favored for the Pasadena trip, and Michigan State was favored over Ohio State for the championship because of a slightly easier schedule.

Ohio State is still in good shape, but Michigan State is taking water and Michigan, with two league losses, appears to be out of Rose Bowl contention. Instead, the leading bowl contenders are two teams that were shrugged off as have-nots before the season: undefeated Iowa, which squeaked past Purdue 21 to 20, and undefeated Minnesota, which was tied earlier by Northwestern. Iowa and Minnesota meet on Nov. 10 in the key game of the mid-

(Continued on next page)

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Georgia Tech	Oklahoma
Iowa	Penn State
Michigan State	Stanford
Illiam	Tennessee
Minnesota	Texas A&M
Ohio State	



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western season. However, Iowa must also play Michigan and Ohio State, and Minnesota meets Michigan State. For both teams the road to the Rose Bowl is all uphill.

Both Iowa and Minnesota are also fighting for the Big Ten championship, of course, but a lot of smart money is backing Ohio State, a team that generally gets better as the season goes on—and is plenty good right now. By crushing Wisconsin last Saturday 20-0, OSU won its 15th straight league game, thereby tying a league record. OSU must play four more league games, including Iowa and Michigan, but looks strong enough to take them all and accomplish something no other Big Ten team has ever done: win three championships in a row. Michigan State could easily win its three remaining conference games, including its meeting with Minnesota, but can catch OSU only if Coach Woody Hayes's behemoths come a cropper.

In short, the Big Ten has three excellent teams—Ohio State, Minnesota and Michigan State—and three very good ones, Michigan, Iowa and Illinois. The question of what they will do to each other for the rest of the season both confounds and delights any midwestern football fan. He is certain of only one thing: in the last half of the season the best football in the country will be played in his backyard.

Play went according to form for the most part in the smaller midwestern conferences. Miami of Ohio and Bowling Green stayed undefeated in the Mid-American race, Miami beating Kent State 14-0 and Bowling Green turning



JUBILANT MINNESOTA Quarterback Cox (12) and Coach Warmath hold Little Brown Jug, reacquired from Michigan 24-7.

back Marshall 34-12. St. Joseph's clinched at least a tie for the Indiana Collegiate Conference title as Norm Daigle made 111 yards in 17 carries and Ray Anany got 106 in 11 for a 28-0 blanketing of Evansville. Cornell College of Iowa celebrated its 66th homecoming 28-13 over Grinnell in the Midwest Conference race, which is led by Carleton, 19-0 victor over Lawrence. Bill Engelhardt, entering the game as the national small-college total-offense leader, threw touchdown passes of 35 yards to John Serrino and nine yards to Bob Wheeler as Omaha beat Northern Illinois 12-0 in a non-conference clash, and Cincinnati lengthened Marquette's losing streak 23 to 13. —JAMES ATWATER

... AND ANOTHER OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE

ALACROSSE the nation this week, wherever football fans gather to drink their toasts and work up their devilishly accurate prognostications, kind words of tender solicitude will be spoken on behalf of five teams: Colorado, Iowa State, Missouri, Nebraska and Oklahoma. A&M. These are the unfortunates who must still play Oklahoma, an assignment which has proved a fruitless one for 35 previous opponents. It was fruitless again Saturday. The lean and lethal Sooners, making one of their few appearances outside the land of black gold and white-faced Herefords, invaded Indiana and left Notre Dame for dead in a game that should have been played in an abattoir.

The fact that Coach Bud Wilkinson's warriors won the game 40-0 was only incidental. What mattered most was how they did it—coolly, methodically, dispassionately, as though they were meeting the junior varsity of Mrs. Featherington's finishing school for girls. The tip-off came on the first play from scrimmage. String-bean Quarterback Jimmy Harris had the gall to start right off with the Sooners' bread-and-butter option play, as illustrated with football manikins in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* preview of the game last week. This is a pitchout from Harris to Halfback Tommy McDonald, and the play was run with a devil-may-care nonchalance. The pitchout wobbled softly through the air, end over end. McDonald grabbed it, hallooed loudly faked a pass, and ran. The whole orderly procedure seemed to be happening in slow motion, but it went for 18 yards then and many another good chunk of yardage later.

The Oklahoma defense operated with the same effortless perfection in shutting out Notre Dame for the first time

in 48 games. Irish runners, spotting an inviting hole in the Oklahoma line, would sprint eagerly forward, only to find themselves bombed to earth by a single swipe from the powerful right arm of Linebacker Jerry Tubbs or one of his similarly heartless cohorts. Oklahoma's pursuit, as Notre Dame Quarterback Paul Hornung observed later, was "lightening." Hornung explained: "It isn't that they're big; they're not. But they're always there."

Underneath the Sooners' businesslike attitude was a merciless desire to prove themselves college football's No. 1 team. The way to accomplish this was simply to give the Irish a pasting worse than Michigan State's 47-14 victory of the week before. Coach Wilkinson's antics on the sidelines showed how ambitious he was to run up a big score. When Jimmy Harris passed to John Bell for a touchdown on the 11th play from scrimmage, Wilkinson remained unthrilled beneath his five-gallon hat. With each succeeding touchdown his cool reserve fell away. When the Sooners scored for the sixth time on an intercepted pass in the final period, the usually taciturn coach applauded merrily and simultaneously wandered out on the field in joyous delirium.

Seconds later the poker-faced Oklahomaans showed their only emotion; in a huddle, they slumped back and smiled broadly when the public address announcer informed the 60,128 spectators that Illinois had hung out on Michigan State, thus making the Sooners undisputed kings of the hill. Barring the untidy entrance of the Chicago Cardinals into collegiate competition, Oklahoma's blind butchers will stay on top for as long as anyone cares to think ahead.

—JACK OLSEN

ON THE COAST: STANFORD THWARTS VENGEANCE

AFTER the game one USC roofer, glancing unsmilingly at the sad news on the scoreboard, tried to be brave about it. "It just goes to prove the old Confucius saying," he said. "Man with blood in the eye cannot see football well enough to win game."

To be sure, USC's Trojans had gone north to play Stanford Saturday with blood in their eye. It was to be less a football game than a kind of holy mission. The players had been built up to it in stages ever since the pre-season banquet when they sat uneasily and listened to rabid alumni in voices choked with emotion abjuring them when they met Stanford to "hit 'em hard, hit 'em clean, hit 'em often—and bust 'em in half."

Stanford's sin, in the view of the Trojans, lay not so much in escaping unscathed while the rest of the Pacific Coast Conference was rocked by ineptibilities but—far from lying low—in coolly casting the lone vote not to let the penalized seniors play even half a season. The USC-Stanford game was to be an historic mission of retribution on the order of St. George and the dragon. Unfortunately, the dragon won 27-18.

The game, in fact, was a rather heroic one. USC, traditionally a team which wins only those games which are not

too much trouble, started out as though driven by fury. Jon Arnett, playing his last game thanks to the conference penalty, speared through and around the Stanford line which had less incentive but, as it turned out, a good deal of skill—which was better in the long run.

The score was 12-0 almost before Stanford had their helmets fastened. Knighthood seemed in full flower. Then Stanford Quarterback John Brodie, who treats football as an art rather than an emotional outlet, began to make his presence felt, and the script was fouled up far fair. Seven plays after the next kickoff Brodie had a touchdown, picking up the last 30 yards in one deft flip to his right end. Since it took the Trojans roughly five times as long per score, five yards by agonizing five yards, this incident seemed to unnerve them. A few plays later USC's C. H. Roberts dropped the ball. Stanford recovered and in no time Brodie was off toward another touchdown. The whole USC team deployed for passes with no one watching the store up front. Brodie helped himself to the free yardage and went ahead on a one-yard buck 14-12.

But USC broke its lanes permanently in the first series of plays of the second half. After having ground out 212

Continued on next page



JOHN BRODIE, Stanford's brilliant quarterback shown in this sequence of four pictures how he frustrated favored USC, helped lead his team to a 27-18 upset. Here Brodie (12) fakes back for a pass as USC Guard Gene Blodgett (66) rushes in to break up play.



In the next picture, Blodgett gets help from three other blockers, including Turley George Bakula (79). With his teammates off balance, Brodie changes his mind, darts between the crashing tackles, picks up some friendly blockers and starts downfield.



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yards rushing in the first half, it decided it liked Brodie's way better, and three times it passed. All three were incomplete. The Trojans had to punt and give up the ball to Brodie, a fatal mistake. Two plays later Brodie had his clutching touchdown on a 23-yard pass to End Carl Isaacs.

It was obvious to USC at the outset that the only way to beat Brodie's Stanford was to control the ball. USC did, 73 plays to Stanford's 69—but not enough.

Brodie scarcely had a breathtaking afternoon statistically. He passed 21 times, completed 10 and had four intercepted. Yet he proved himself as hard to defense as Yogi Berra. He was at his most dangerous when he seemed to be beaten in. Then he would add to a play and catch the Trojan secondary relaxed and watching the pursuit instead of the receivers. Brodie would hit whichever receiver pleased him.

At the end of the game Jon Arnett, tears streaming down his cheeks and blood dripping from his nose, seemed to symbolize the USC mood—frustrated but still full of futile fight. He played a brilliant first half, gaining 101 yards, but he gained a net of only 16 in the second half. "We used what we call the super overshift on him," crowed Coach

Chuck Taylor later. "We gave Roberts the weak side and gambled he wouldn't have a good day." As a matter of fact, Roberts didn't. Taylor's gift had strings attached and Roberts rolled up less than 60 yards for the game. Defensive End Isaacs usually boarded C. R. at the scrimmage line and rode him to the ground shortly thereafter.

USC's plume was deep in the dust at the end. Stanford's final touchdown came with only 30 seconds to go and with USC's goal posts already torn down as a final filip of humiliation. In the dressing room afterward, Coach Jess Hill, who had seen his team penalized a robust nine times (including once on a touchdown pass) stalked up and down for some minutes to compose himself before he talked to the press. What did he think of Stanford, he was asked. "Without Brodie, they wouldn't be the same ball club," he consoled himself.

The win left Stanford a clean leader for the Rose Bowl, but they still have UCLA's Bruins, also vengeful, to get past next week. Oregon State, which last week handed the Bruins their first conference loss in 39 games, 21-7, is by no means to be discounted; but Coach Taylor, the kind of optimist who could survive the Confederacy they still have a good chance, sees no problem.

"We'll play well in the Rose Bowl," he confided.

—JAMES MURRAY

SPECTACLE

FUN AMONG THE IVY

The lovely yellow light of autumn sets a pleasant, languid mood for Ivy League football. The game itself—as important in the rest of the country—is just part of the weekend frolic, and, not uncommonly, it is as relishing and carefree as the crowd itself. At Yale—the preeminent favorite among Ivy colleges—units up for Dartmouth this Saturday, the students on the campus and their elders approaching the scene by station wagon may wonder briefly if Yale was contrived in view of last week's 14-6 loss to Colgate (see adjoining columns). Yet this thought will in no way intrude on the annual pleasures of the Dartmouth weekend, shown in the following four pages of color photographs taken last year. Steve Stark, the young man on the opposite page recording his date, Edwin Sadovsky of Smith College, has just left a nonsensical, lighthearted bladder ball game—a traditional pre-Dartmouth game frolic. Under the eaves there will be the usual picnic benches, and during the half-old friends will again gather outside perial 16 for a chat and a pull at the hip flask. No matter the outcome on the playing field, the real fun is simply in being there.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JERRY COOKE

IN THE EAST: YALE FORGETS TO WATCH THE CLOCK

IT WAS the breaks. We got the breaks, Yale didn't," drawled Colgate Coach Hal Lahar in a soft southern accent. His team had just spoiled Yale's perfect record for the second year in a row and, to tell the truth, Lahar looked a little sheepish about it. Well he might, for Coach Jordan Gilvar's Bulldogs outgained Colgate 244 yards to 120 rushing and pumped out 19 first downs to Colgate's 10 but Colgate won 14-6. Except for two momentary defensive lapses—a pass interception for a 78-yard touchdown run and later a 14-yard touchdown pass—Yale owned the game. Early in the first quarter, the Blue marched in short, methodical bursts to Colgate's 22-yard line, and a touchdown seemed inevitable. But, as Yale Quarterback Dean Loucks delayed too long on a short jump pass over the line, someone jarred his arm. The ball wobbled a few yards into the hands of Colgate End Al Jamison, who

ran to the midfield stripe and, just as he was tackled, lateraled to Halfback Walter Betts, who continued on for the touchdown.

The second half was more of a ball game as each team scored once. First it was Yale's turn, and their season-long inability to capture the elusive point after the touchdown hardly seemed important as they demonstrated it to the 38,236 witnesses. But, when Colgate scored again and converted successfully, Yale needed two touchdowns to go in front, and time was running out. With less than eight minutes remaining in the game, Yale took possession and reverted to its plodding ground movement, even though it was obvious to the most naive football fan that during, fast-scoring plays were needed to erase the eight-point deficit. Quarterback Dean Loucks was apparently the only one in the huge Yale

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Bladder ball on Old Campus is traditional highlight of Dartmouth weekend. Members of rival Yale activities don khaki uniforms, roughhouse interactively with huge, air-filled, canvas-covered ball



Dry Martinis and beer in Edgewood Park are accepted Yale Bowl wood-sellers for sports stadium wagon set



Huge crowd forms a colorful backdrop for a spirited cheerleader and Yale bench during a tense moment



Tradition calls for old friends to meet outside Bow's portal 16 at half time to exchange grips, cups, reminiscences. Here Arthur S. Loandon, class of '33, greets an old friend in typical conviviality

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

LOST: ONE GOOD OLYMPIC TEAM • RAY ELIOT OF THE ILLINI • VIRGINIAN
FROM TEHRAN • SECRET LIFE OF WALTER ALSTON • AN AXE FALLS IN
CHICAGO • ADDING MACHINE FOR UPPERCUTS • CHEERS FOR LANDY

SCRATCH THE HUNGARIANS

OUT OF THE crucible of confused reports that swirled from Budapest last week came one hard item of information—of relatively minor importance perhaps when compared to the momentous demonstration that freedom still lives in Magyar hearts, but yet important in itself: the Hungarian Olympic team, said the Budapest radio, will not go to Melbourne. The revolt, said Budapest, has "interrupted their training."

Budapest's reason, of course, makes no sense. It is far more likely that Hungary's Red government simply doesn't trust its Olympians. In any case, the decision is a shame.

Next month in Australia, Hungary was scheduled to unveil some of the greatest athletes ever to be seen at an Olympic Games. Athletes such as the famous distance runner Sándor Iharos, László Tóbert, István Bóna-Nagy and János Kovács, who among them have won a double handful of world records; steeplechasers such as Sándor Romsóty (who recently broke another world record) and László Jemesszky; the discus man, Ferenc Kilián; and the 1952 Olympic hammer throw champion, Mész Csorvási—who, along with Gábor Benedek, silver medalist in the 1952 pentathlon, has already been killed in the fighting.

The Hungarian water polo team is the world's best; two swimmers, Aladár Gerevich and Rudolf Kárpácsi, were gold-medal favorites among those who know fencing; Éva Székely, the defending breaststroke champion, led a team of women which included the strong backstroke contender, Éva Pájer, and the freestyler, Katalina Székes.

They were scheduled to leave Buda-

pest last Sunday night, moving in easy stages by two chartered airlines across southeast Europe and into India, on to Singapore and Indonesia, and eventually to Melbourne, stopping frequently to rest and work out and perhaps to spread a little good will.

The loss of the Hungarians at the XVth Olympiad will be a small price for the lessons Hungary has just given the world. But experience of all nations will relax them, and will meanwhile hope Budapest reconsiders.

UP, MR. ELIOT

AS READERS of this magazine know, **AL STROSS** illustrated inaugurates this year a new kind of All-America honors list. It will be known as the

Silver Anniversary All-America and the laurels will go to service lettermen of the football fall of 1931, for accomplishment in chosen careers and in community service since graduation.

Nominations are still coming in as this issue goes to press, and it will be a while before the nominations go to the Board of Judges. But the University of Illinois could not have chosen a more opportune time than last Saturday morning to send word that its nominee for Silver Anniversary honors will be a fellow named Ray Eliot, who happens to be varsity football coach at the University of Illinois right now.

The word came just a few hours before Ray Eliot's Illinois team fashioned the upset of 1936—by beating

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• The Campbells are Coming, Fast

England's Donald Campbell, holder of the world speed record on water (224 mph), will try for another one on wheels. In a car with a British gas-turbine engine, he hopes to better 400 mph. Present record: 334. Campbell will make attempt in Utah, expects a big problem will be keeping car from taking off like a plane.

• Valley in the Sky

International ski authorities, approving Squaw Valley, Calif., for 1960 Winter Olympics, called for two adjustments: 1) advising athletes to come early and adapt to this air because site is about 1,000 feet higher than Olympic maximum; 2) shortening downhill run to eliminate easy slope at bottom. Both measures have precedents in earlier Games: a shortened run at Ocho, extra altitude at St. Moritz.

• Side Effect

Sweden, cheering on the Hungarian revolt like all Western Europe, faced a minor but urgent practical fact: last Sunday's soccer game between Swedish and Hungarian teams, scheduled for Budapest, had to be canceled.

• Russia's Adapted Athletes

Ukrainian emigrants in six different countries joined in a protest against an all-U.S.S.R. team at the Olympic Games. Declaring that 14 of the 18 Soviet Republics are "unwilling partners" of Russia, the group urged that non-Russian or Soviet team compete "as representation of their respective nations."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Michigan State 24-18 (see page 26), after which Coach Ellet was carried off the field shoulder high.

Speaking of the Board of Judges, in addition to those named in the Miami room was **POMPEY** in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATOR'S** Oct. 22 issue, the following expert witnesses on accomplishment and community service have joined the board: General Omar Bradley of Los Angeles, Roger Blough of Pittsburgh, Harlow Corlies of Detroit, Benson Ford of Detroit, Jerome Crossman of Dallas, George Peabody Gardner of Boston, Bernard F. Gimbel of New York, P. Penney Haffelinger of Minneapolis, J. Edgar Hoover of Washington, D.C., William Kirkland of Houston, Chester J. LaRoche of New York, Shane MacCarthy of Washington, D.C., John M. Olin of East Allen, Illinois, General Matthew B. Ridgway of Pittsburgh, Robert A. Uihlein Jr. of Milwaukee and Collett K. Westman of Atlanta.

THE IRON IRANIAN

WITH ALL its philosophical conflicts and all its clutter of professionalism, college football is not quite the cynical institution which its critics imagine it to be; neither are its players the faceless mounds of muscle which distance and modern equipment may sometimes make them seem. Nobody is dramatizing this fact quite so refreshingly at the moment as Jamshid



Abol Hameh (Jim) Bakhtiar, a husky young fellow from Teheran who plays fullback for the University of Virginia Cavaliers. Iran is not overrun with football scouts, and the Cavaliers (to put it charitably) do not have a granite live; nevertheless, Jim Bakhtiar, a pre-medical student, is rated No. 6 among the nation's ground gainers.

A fine case of improbability, in fact, shines about almost every aspect of Bakhtiar's career on the gridiron. His father is an Iranian surgeon, his mother an American nurse when he was brought to Washington, D.C. to get a high school education he was both fascinated and frightened by football. "When a player with the ball came at me, I stepped out of the way and let him go." There was some reason for

this reaction—he weighed but 115 pounds. On a seven-month visit with his family in Iran, however, he ate so much rice, kharosh and Persian bread that his weight shot up to 185, and on his return to Washington he promptly made the all-city team.

Jim has been dragging tacklers toward goal lines ever since. He is a good-looking young fellow with a crew cut, a deceptively amiable grin and a good deal of interest in the girls of Sweet Briar College, but he's a rough man on the field. Last year, as a sophomore, during a season in which Virginia lost nine out of 18 games, he carried the ball 158 times for a total of 733 yards; this year in six games he has carried 137 times for 847 yards, an average of 61, and, due in great part to his heroics, the Cavaliers are even in six games.

For all this muscular competence, however, he does not fit the popular concept of the college football sort at all. He came to Virginia primarily to get an education, and he is a good student. He has some very decided ideas on how to achieve long life. His father, who is now 77, expects to live to be 150. "I don't know if he'll make 150, but he'll certainly make 115—he gets up every morning at 3:30 and exercises every part of his body every day." Perhaps in preparation for longevity, Jim refuses to wear a football helmet except in games. "It rubs your hair off," he says. "I don't want to lose mine."

He is also trying to decide whether Geritol, the highly publicized patent medicine, gives quick energy. "I took it for three straight days before the VMU game and broke the conference record for rushing with 210 yards. I took my bottle up to Bethesda for the Lehigh game, and I dropped on the floor of the hotel lobby. Gosh, it made an awful crash." He has not re-invented in a new bottle because of the expense (\$2.49) and his discovery that it is 12½ alcohol, but feels that he might use it again in an emergency.

Although his father has offered to pay for his schooling, Bakhtiar is proud of the fact that he has made his own way for years—as a gas station attendant during his high school years and, at least in part, as a football player (room, board, tuition) at Virginia. "It is a fine way to learn the American way of life. On the field you take a knock-down, take a loss and get up again. You've got to have endurance. You've got to have teamwork too. That is something my people lack. In India, Pakistan, Arabia, the people need this idea of cooperation. This is what I want to take back with me. I can't

bring them football. But I can bring back the spirit of the game."

DREAMS IN JAPAN

LOSING GENERALS of imperial Rome were sometimes sent off to gain perspective and confidence in distant provinces—very much, perhaps, as Walter Alton and his beater Brooks have been exported to Japan. It is a fair question whether the drabblings the Dodgers have taken from a couple of Japanese teams have done much to restore Brooklyn confidence. Certainly, Dodger memories, like the memories of Pompey



after the Battle of Pharsalus, are still filled with thoughts of the imperial victors back home—the self-made victors that Artist Marc Siment arranged in invincible phalanx not too long ago (SI, Oct. 1, see above).

But who will be a healing experience, and certainly the exiles are entitled to dream. It may be, by now, as Artist Siment suggests on the opposite page, that the Brooklyn generalissimo is refiguring and revising his Pharsalus in some tea-house of the Alton moon.

THE JUMPING MULE

AFTER A LIFETIME of what might be described as involuntary social climbing, Charlie the Jumping Mule has finally crashed society; last week despite his long ears and less than perfect family background he competed as a hunter in the seventh annual Chicago Hunter Trials at the Oak Brook Polo Club, Hinsdale, Ill. Charlie seemed rather bored but his fond owner and rider, Mrs. Libby Chase Swift—a wiry, middle-aged Chicago socialite who possesses a certain sense of drama—was tremendously set up by it. Recognition had not come without struggle.

Charlie, one might say, is Mrs. Swift's invention; at any rate it was she who decided to breed a Thoroughbred mare named Kilbuck (whose Grand sire, Black Toney, also won two Kentucky Derby winners) to a jockey ten years ago, and Charlie was the result. When Charlie was two, Mrs. Swift began training him with her jumpers.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Charlie soon proved that he could leap over almost anything—if he was in the mood—and Mrs. Swift, delighted with his talent and personality, took him to her ranch in California and set about preparing him for greater things. She held parties for him on his birthdays and brought him into her house, and in green felt house slippers, to eat cakes



made of cake and bran with carrot frosting. She also rode to hounds with him.

When she attempted to enter him in California horse shows, however, she was refused; also, nobody would admit Charlie was a hunter, although he leaped fences so much that he jumped them by himself and sometimes went from pasture to pasture releasing hounds incarcerated therein by opening gates with his nose. Mrs. Swift rebelled by holding a "male show" in which Charlie won ribbons, but real social recognition was refused him. "They're new out there in California," said his owner, "and they wouldn't qualify him."

But a few weeks ago Theodore Mohrman, joint master of hounds for the Oak Brook hunter trials, agreed to let Charlie enter. "I don't see any reason why he shouldn't be permitted to jump as a hunter if he's doing what he's supposed to do. If he carries his rider across country and across fences, well, in my opinion that makes him a hunter." Charlie responded amiably enough in his first official trial and took Mrs. Swift over nine obstacles in the Ladies Hunters Trial with ease. He did not win. "It's a nice jumping male," said the judge, "but it hasn't got style and it looks like it likes to eat, too."

Charlie got more attention than any of the horses, however: Mrs. Swift saw to that by pulling four gold-colored rubber shoes over his hoofs and riding him through the Polo Club dining room at lunch.

PUNCH COUNTERPUNCH

THE PATENT OFFICE has granted Patent No. 2,367,923 to Willie P. Robertson of Winston-Salem, N.C. for a Registering Boxing Glove. The Registering Boxing Glove contains an air-filled bladder from which a pneumatic tube leads to a counter embedded in the

wrist part of the glove. Every time a boxer hits his opponent the punch is registered. At the end of the fight the referee checks the counters of each fighter, and the man with the highest score is declared the winner. The glove can be adjusted to screen out love taps and register only telling blows.

Ordinarily, it would be difficult to praise anything that only adds to the statistical approach to what should be flesh-and-blood sport. But Mr. Robertson's patent, like so many patents before it, is primarily a labor-saving device; it does away completely with the boxing judge. In certain states that wouldn't be a bad idea at all.

SUGGESTION BOX

TWO 15-year-old boys, having shot a round of golf, were refreshing themselves with double chocolate malteds. One of them was unmistakably depressed. "My advice to you," said his friend in a grave and candid manner, "is to lay off for six months and then give up the game."

LAMENT FOR A MANAGER

THERE IS NOT much point in shedding tears for a baseball manager when he leaves a \$35,000-a-year job. One presumes that a few dollars have been stashed away in a convenient hutch for the rainy season.

Still, the departure of Manager Marty Marion from the Chicago White Sox is an irritating thing to consider, and an indignant reaction necessarily occurs. Few men know baseball better than he, few can appraise their teams and opponents more shrewdly, few are better liked or more widely respected.

"We all felt," explained White Sox Vice-President Charles Comiskey,



BIG GAME HUNTER

He's stopped the elephant
In its track
With a snarl from
His peasant neck.

—F. E. WYNN

"What the club should have done a little better this year."

Was all felt? In the spring of the season Casey Stengel, chairman of observers, said of the White Sox: "They don't have enough players." What Stengel meant, of course, was that the fine Chicago first string was unsupported in depth, a vital ingredient in today's baseball. There was no real reserve strength, no secondary starting pitching, no row of pinch hitters, no room to maneuver. When a player slumped (as so many White Sox did this season) there was little that Marty Marion could do. Unlike Stengel, he could not turn to his bench to shake things up. He had to stay with his first string, because an in-and-out Larry Doby, for example, was still preferable in center field and in the batting order to a nonbattling Bubba Phillips or a nonfielding Ron Northey.

Almost inevitably the White Sox were collapsed in July when they struck a simultaneous slump. In 10 days they were all washed up, and the pennant race was over. Marion rallied his team sufficiently to salvage third place but failed to overturn Cleveland, which, by something more than a coincidence, he also dropped its manager.

And the man who beat them both? Casey Stengel has just been voted Manager of the Year for the fifth time. And the Yankee farm system will be busy all winter digging up fresh troops to make sure Casey is Manager of the Year in 1957, too.

GENTLEMAN FROM AUSTRALIA

STUCK John Landy "retired" from S track competition two years ago, he has turned in four under-four-minute miles; he gallantly spoiled a good chance to better his own world record in the mile by stopping to help a fallen runner at a meet in Australia; he traveled to California and ran two races there to help create interest in the Melbourne Olympics. Two months ago a soreness of his leg tendons made it difficult, then impossible, for Landy to run. He stopped training to see if this would help before finally ruling himself off Australia's Olympic team. Last week an official was attending swimming trials in Melbourne when Landy phoned him to say that he would, after all, be a member of the team.elayed by loudspeaker, the news brought the crowd to their feet and the swimmers from the water to cheer John Landy—not as much for what he was about to do, but for the kind of man he already was.



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE OLD HEAVE HO

Openmouthed with strain, U. S. Olympian Harold Gennally spins around in a split instant before he whirls the 16-pound hammer 224 feet 8½ inches, 13 feet 7½ inches more than the accepted record—one of many sparkling achievements that highlighted track and field trials last week which were a forecast of Melbourne performances

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART BOONDS
LOS ANGELES TIMES



PROPOSED BY Jockey Willie Bartach's left-handed whipping, Barbizon (center, no. 1) surges into lead on turn of the quarter

WONDERFUL WORLD continued

THE RICHEST RACE EVER



FINISH PHOTO shows narrow margin of Barbizon's victory; the winner (foreground), Amarellah (center) and Federal Hill

One last urgent stride from the finish the winner of the richest purse ever offered was still to be decided. The race was over and so one yet knew who had crossed the line first. It took a photograph (left) to clinch victory in The Garden State for the Calumet Farm's 2-year-old, Barbizon, while the favorite, Bold Ruler, finished far back in the pack, a victim of bad racing luck. Barbizon's tidy reward: \$168,430.50. For full details, turn to page 51

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTIN HERMAN



STATE, MAKING UP GROUND IN THE FRONT RUNNING FEDERAL HILL (ON THE HILL, NO. 1) AND AMARILLAS (FOURTH FROM RIGHT, NO. 12)

ENTHUSIASTIC-CLUB HARBISON LOOKS ON AS GARDEN STATE PRESIDENT EUGENE MORI (LEFT) CONGRATULATES TRAINER JOHN JONES





PAT BELL catches game and camera eye as she plays Junior Rose Bowl Games, December 10.



ETHEL MERMAN is set to ride and sing in spoof of Menzies romance, *Happy Birthday*.



ROSALIND RUSSELL is set to ride but doesn't ring in *Auntie Mame*.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued

FOCUS ON THE FAIR

EDITH EDNA WACHTER PRESENTS THREE U.S. OLYMPIC GYMNASTS. (FROM LEFT) THE WISLER BUBBLES, KATH, HONE, BART, MAREN AND FURRY.





MRS. BIRGIE TEBBETTS rides a donkey held by Rolyg manager on Capri holiday.

SHILA MILLOWNY, a former Olympic skater, models in N.Y. charity fashion show.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY is **Open** (outboard) at a **Public** and **motorboat** show.

Around the world with the ladies, from Miss Junior Rose Bowl (Calif.) to Miss Outboard (Paris)—with way stops for tea in Japan, a

donkey ride on Capri and other activities of note. Plus six pretty gymnasts clearly eager to show their skill in the Melbourne Olympics

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AUSTRALIA:

by WILLIAM L. WORDEN

IF THERE ever was a time for scanning the Australian sporting picture with curiosity, the approaching Olympics make this the hour. Just what sort of sports country is this isolated continent? Here is a nation with the best tennis in the world. Here is a gentleman named John Landy who runs a mile faster than anybody else. Here too is the remarkable Surf Life Saving Association, whose beautifully conditioned and well-organized members, some of whom are shown on these pages, guard Australia's extensive beaches voluntarily and without pay. The devotion to swimming safety of these heavy-muscled young men is the more impressive when set off against the treacherous natural hazards which they face almost as a matter of course—a rough, uncompromising



SPORTING CONTINENT

Nine million dead-game sports await the world's Olympic legions

surf, occasional forays by vicious sharks close to shore and numerous Portuguese men-of-war.

What the lifeguards have done they have done so long that it is highly doubtful whether they think of their loyalty and courage as anything special. In an

APPROACH TO THE OLYMPICS

With this issue *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* begins a special series of Olympic features which will culminate in the Olympic Preview Issue on Nov. 19. The Preview Issue will present stars of all nations, in color, commissioned paintings, sporting reports and a forecast by Roger Baskister.

Australian seas, it probably isn't. The five years of training, then the three days devoted each month to guarding are fairly typical of this country of rugged, democratic people. Just as typical, though perhaps not as praiseworthy, are several events that took place in Sydney and Melbourne not long ago.

In Sydney, trotting fans queued up before two entrances to Harold Park—at Maxwell Road and Ross Street. At a signal, the gates flew open and the patrons stormed in from two directions. The two groups finally met approximately halfway between portals, and the results were almost catastrophic. But nobody complained.

In Melbourne, somebody sold 400 seats in seven flat

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SPORTING CONTINENT

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rows for basketball games at the Olympics. In the evening sponsor K. B. Watson, a basketball official, pointed out rightly that the Australian public would immediately stand on their purchased seats and there would be chaos.

And chaos in Australian sports is not something to be dismissed lightly, as Emile Koszchenko discovered. Koszchenko didn't especially mind being bounced out of a Sydney wrestling ring by one King Kong and landing on his head. Even the iron stanchion he hit on the way down ordinarily might have done little damage. But it was 20 minutes before 12,000 rabid wrestling fans would move back far enough so ambulance men could pick Emile out of the seats.

The events are rough and boisterous—and so are the people. Australians love to play, generally in large packs, and always with a bounce and verve reminiscent of a kangaroo—but they love to watch too, and they'll go in vast droves to almost any sporting event, be it a giant spectacle or an insignificant match.

Take the 144,440 persons who live so far out in the Outback that their sport often must be on the level of seeing how many pink and gray parrots (galahs) can be knocked off a wire with a single shot. Out there, parrot race meets may attract neighborly punters (betters) from a 500-mile radius. In the far north, tropical, gully-washed and swampy

on the coasts, there are such sporting events as spotlighting crocodiles, hunting water buffalo long gone wild, or running wild camels and wild donkeys away from cattle station gardens. A man can find a kangaroo to shoot—if he thinks it contributes to his masculinity. But otherwise, in the far back blocks, kicking over an ant hill (which may be tough when it's 20 feet high) is top entertainment, and there are Australians who even bet on this pastime.

Other sports, like everything else, are concentrated in the major coastal cities: Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, with a small bow to lonely, western Perth and insular Hobart in Tasmania. There are between 30 and 40 "important" sports in Australia, among them vigoro, a variety of cricket played by women for which a section of Foxgirth Park has been set aside in North Sydney; and "ball" punching, or, as U.S. boaters put it, punching the bag. It is not the same thing, however.

AUSTRALIAN ball-punchers never box. One Neil Flanagan, in Brisbane, claimed a world's title after punching for 123 hours and 20 minutes, then drank a glass of champagne to celebrate. Ron Russell, also of Brisbane, figures his life total at 27 million punches, his one-time best at \$80,000 without stopping. For this last he collected \$2,250 from people who will pay to see anything. Oh yes, Russell regained his world's title in March, with 178 hours of punching and no ill effects except swollen feet.

Several of Australia's sports are variations on football, each one important in its own way to Australia's 9 million people. There is soccer, with the normal 11 players and rules. All states and most towns have teams, but soccer is just a beginning. After it comes Rugby, in two varieties: Rugby union (15 players, strictly amateur) and Rugby league (13 players, not so amateur). Then there's Australian rules football (18 players), which sometimes sends the spectators into as much of a frenzy as it does the players. When the village team of Lake Boga traveled to meet Lalvert for the mid-Murray "premiership," 898 people went along. Two—Jim Jolly, 74, and Jack Acron, 84—stayed home in Lake Boga—but only because they missed the bus. At the game the radio commentator stopped describing the play to detail the much more interesting fights among the spectators.

Rugby league is largely a semiprofessional game but with heavy amateur schoolboy participation. On a football big-game day it is impossible to get anywhere on public transportation, or even to hire somebody to work.

As far as participant sports go, Australia's finest fanaticism is reserved for swimming. Any ordinary summer Sunday may find beautiful beaches jammed; and on a good hot Christmas Day (the last was in the high 90s, with sunbathing forbidden), it is hard to find swimming space. Even the smaller cities have many bathers and this in spite of the aforementioned hazards.

Away from salt surf, Australian swimming is also important. The 36 swimming and 12 diving positions filled for this year's Olympic squad included Lorraine Crapp, who set four world freestyle records in one race just two weeks ago; Dawn Fraser, who has bettered the 20-year-old world 100-meter record; and Fritz Loeck, promising sprint swimmer. Murray Rose, Jan Henricks and Gary Chapman will defend the men's reputation established by John Marshall in setting world's 440-yard, 880-yard and mile freestyle records in 1960-61. Australians also expect an Olympic victory for the women's relay team.

But none of these stars has any chance of equalling the

continued on page 29



GROUND TO HALT, rugged Rugby league player fights to clear self from driving tackle in front and hefty grapples from behind.



Some Straight Talk about Straight Shooting

There's a lot more than powder, wad and shot packed into every red-shell made by Western. Some of the most advanced ball-tite thinking by Western engineers has made Super-X and Xpert the unsurpassed loads for waterfowl and upland shooting. Continuing research and the introduction of such industry firsts as the 2 3/4" magnum loads, have kept Western the undisputed leader in shot shell innovation.

Let's take apart a Super-X or Xpert shot shell and see what makes it best. The wad/propellant tube is made of special, high-strength paper impregnated with micro-crystalline wax and treated with a drying, oil repellent to that good-in-point—the Super-Seal Crimp is closed with special wax to completely seal the shell from weather.

The tube is held in the base head, made of special brass, called in the Western mill. Inside, there's perfect shot, round and uniform (so patterns that produce results). Certain Super-X loads are available with Leclanché (propagated) shot—exclusive with Western. The wad, under the shot, are soft, light and resilient to keep the shot from being deformed at the instant of firing and to minimize recoil. Underneath three cushion wad is a vital, patented

part of a Western shot shell—the Super-Seal Cap Wad, which, together with the exclusive overlay base wad, forms the Sealed Gas Chamber—containing progressive burning powder developed first by Western.

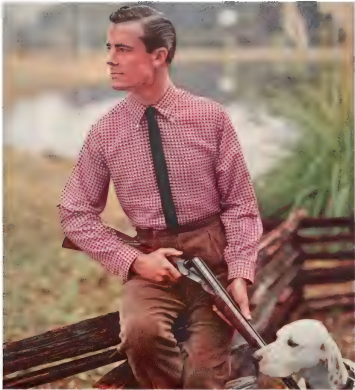
When the shell is fired, this patented, flanged Super-Seal Cap Wad expands like a pump handle and effectively seals the power behind the shot, allowing no harmful gas to get by. The overlay base wad also expands, keeping expanding gas, at high pressure, from entering into the base wad, and thereby preventing swelling at the head and consequent sticking in the chamber. All Western pricing is reasonable, non-faulting and non-exclusive.

That means that you, the hunter, get the proven patterns, the most uniform velocity and the finest all-around performance that kill and generations of know-how can put into a shot shell. If you're after waterfowl, shoot Super-X. If you shoot upland game, watch Xpert do the job cleanly, quickly, every time. Whatever you hunt—shoot Super-X or Xpert, the ammunition that knows perfection as the only standard. Winchester-Western Division, Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, New Haven-4, Connecticut.

Western
AMMUNITION

Super-X · Xpert





The man in the Viyella shirt

VIELLA is woven in England from a cunning mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple Egyptian cotton. Run your finger over Viyella and you'll feel an extraordinary smooth, subtle nap.

Viyella is neither too bulky to be worn under a coat—nor too thin to be worn alone. Take it on the toughest field trial—and it will never chafe at the neck or wrist. Send Viyella to the laundry. Decades of

washing will not shrink or fade it. Viyella wears and wears and wears.

Look carefully at the shirt above. Notice Hathaway's scrupulous making—you can hardly see where the pocket begins and ends. And don't miss that follow-through freedom around the shoulders.

We call this particular Hathaway style the "Suburban Shirt." Unlike most outdoor shirts, it takes a tie perfectly, and it

comes in exact neck and sleeve sizes. You'll find a tremendous choice of colors and checks at most better stores.

IMPORTANT: never accept a substitute for Viyella. It has more would-be imitations than any other fabric. If you can't find the real thing, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine—or telephone OXford 7-5566 in New York. Every Viyella garment bears a Viyella label.

SPORTING CONTINENT

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former polo sufferer who turned three unsuccessful English Channel swims and a one-piece bathing suit into a world reputation. Annette Kellerman, without whom there could not have been a Bikini, still is an Australian pride nearly 50 years after the peak of her fame. (She now lives in California.)

The 700 water skiers in Australia still are curiosities but draw crowds of 5,000 to major meets—and run speedboats around and around on bays to frighten away sharks before they start skiing. In rowing, emphasis is on single and double sculling. Merv Wood, who rowed in an eight-oared crew at Berlin in 1936, switched to singles and won a gold medal at London in 1948 but was second to Yuri Titukalov, a Russian, in 1952. This year he has made the Australian Olympic double sculling team. But some of the current rowing crop has color to compare with Bobby Pearce, who set a 2,000-meter Olympic single sculling record on Holland's Blooten Canal in 1928—after shooting away a brood of ducklings which blocked his lane. This record broke one set by J. B. Kelly (father of Grace) in 1925. Like Kelly, Pearce in 1928 was barred from the Henley (England) Diamond Sculls because, as a carpenter, he wasn't officially a gentleman. By 1930 he was picking up scrap paper on Sydney's show grounds for a few shillings a day, but later that year accepted an offer from Lord Dewar, a Scottish distiller, to become his Canadian sales representative. Lord Dewar promptly nominated him for Henley again—and, as a salesman, he was declared eligible and won by six lengths in 1931. Pearce took his second Olympic medal at Los Angeles in 1932 and the following year defeated Ted Phelps of England by 200 yards in a three-mile race to take the world's professional sculling title at Toronto. Pearce was so confident that he dominated the press right up to the outbreak of World War II.

YACHTING in Australia is highlighted by the Sydney-Hobart (Tasmania) race, annually started on Boxing Day with a dozen boats competing over the 430-mile course in the Tasman Sea. This year four entrants exceeded 50 feet, but a couple of 33-footers, undocked, moved out with the bigger boats. Specially built 24-footers and 18-footers always have been featured in harbor sailing, especially on Port Jackson (Sydney harbor), although the 24-footer is now mostly obsolete. It carried a mainmast, jib and 10 extras, 4,000 square feet of canvas. Lightly built, open and shallow draft, it sometimes heeled a crew of 20, who managed balance in heavy weather by leaning outboard one on top of the other. Subsequently, 18-footers with 7-foot beams and 1,500 feet of canvas appeared. In addition, traffic hazards are created by 5,300 registered VJs in the ports, plus numerous Moths and other 12-foot types. Really big pleasure boats are few, and heavily powered cruisers (because of the cost of engines and fuel) almost nonexistent.

On land, Aussie are no less enthusiastic. Golf is gaining in popularity (one person in every 34 plays). With 2 million people, Greater Sydney has 45 courses, the state of New South Wales 250. Public links fees start at a shilling (approximately 11¢).

An unusual factor is that many golf clubs have bowed to the wishes of important members: they wanted hawking greens. Bowls is possibly Australia's most elegant game. It is played by 1,200 clubs, with 100,000 members. Each of these pays about \$27 to join and another \$16 as annual



HUGE AUSSIE CROWD watches 1952 Australian rules grand final match. Enlarged for Olympics, the stands will hold 100,000 fans.

dues. The wearing of uniforms on the green is strictly enforced. No one may display colors other than the club colors, e.g., if a man wears a blue tie (they wear ties even in 100° temperatures) when the club tie is red, he would be asked to leave the green. A manufacturer advertises proper equipment: four bowls (3½-pound, oblate spheroid), shoes without heels, gaiters/le trousers, special shirts, and jackets cut like suit coats.

Few sports produce more action than cycling at the North Essendon track, where recently bicycle riders had to get down and help police and stewards quell a riot. Sadly, all bets were canceled. The track owner was upset, however, only when a telephone caller announced he planned to kidnap the owner's two small boys unless riders' fees were raised. Even when there are no fights, interest remains high. There are 51 amateur clubs in New South Wales alone.

Just as flamboyant is Australia's toughest automobile contest, a reliability test formerly known as the Roden Trial, in which the requirement is to drive an auto 10,500 miles around Australia, at specified speeds for each leg. The start of this race last August was watched by 100,000 people; and of the 176 starting cars, including everything from midjets to machines the size of Cadillac, 60 finished. The test had something for everybody; five cars hooked for speeding the first day; water found in gas tanks; 15 cars wrecked on the fourth leg, six more ditched by boulders at a creek near Cairns; a Volkswagen being repaired with a safety pin borrowed from a baby's diaper; a diesel cut after hitting a 7-foot kangaroo; drivers hypnotized in order to bear up under the heat; doctors raised in a sand bed near Katherine in the Northern Territory; and the winner ultimately decided only after appeals to the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria.

One journalist figured that in three years the trial had cost the sponsor (an oil additive company) about \$50,000 but had cost competitors—in entrance fees, ruined cars, fines and time lost—between \$1 million and \$2.5 million. The enthusiastic Australians didn't mind this a bit. Incongruously, it was the sponsor who quit. His prerogative was snatched up quickly by others and the race remains an annual sporting fixture.

Another great Australian race is the professional foot race at Stawell. This is the Stawell Gift, a 100-yard handicap

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SPORTING CONTINENT

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run in heels each Easter weekend. The race was organized when gold mining failed in the Grampian Mountains and left the small town of Stawell with no particular attraction. But a prize of \$45 offered in 1878 brought runners and bookies into town. Now a winner can expect to take home about \$1,000, plus what he bets on himself. One or two have reported totals of \$11,600.

An American, Edward S. Skinner, won in 1889 (punters claimed the handicapper grossly underrated him) but the most colorful competitors ever were a plemian and a bookmaker. The plemian, operating a stall in a country town in the 1930s, became a great runner chasing boys who ordered pies and ran to beat the bill. The bookmaker had even more compelling reasons to run. At a small plemian horse race and track meet, he overbet the winner of the Jersey's Wives handicap, says the story, and could not pay. In desperation, the bookie entered a sprint, harked himself with all his available cash and ran, spurred by the thought of what the punters would do to him if he didn't win. He won.

Climate, general interest, business support and good coaching all have contributed to the fine Australian international tennis record. An equipment manufacturer, who produces 219,000 racket frames and 3,070,000 tennis balls annually, estimates the continent has 300,000 players. In junior school tennis, coaching begins at eight years. Two-thirds of the courts are floodlit; and in New South Wales there are 4,600 competitive courts, another 2,000 or more privately owned. A crowd of 27,500 watching a single court during Davis Cup play at Sydney in 1964 was a tennis record.

Not as successful as tennis, but still the biggest and most important of all sports are cricket and horse racing. Australians use up 40,000 cricket bats a year.

All Australian cricketers are officially amateurs, but members of the Test (i.e., national) team draw bonuses

approximating \$100 a game on their home shores, or \$2,700 for an overseas tour. Just now, Australian fortunes in the British Commonwealth game are at a low ebb. Its prestige soared from 1928 to 1951, when an English team in the international Test matches (time out for war years) could score a series victory. In 1953, 1954 and 1955, however, England had it all her own way. What's more, there are signs that American habits are infiltrating even this game: at Melbourne, players joined in a general melee while fans booed; recently on the playing fields of industrial Port-sey, Acting Captain Bill Jacobs replied to a spectator's advice by bawling him on the back. "I'd do it again," he said. "I object to such remarks as were passed."

There's no real confusion about horse racing; just too much of it to see, let alone discuss. No respectable town is without a track, and cities boast half a dozen or more. Bookmakers operate at the tracks as they do in England, the horses generally run counterclockwise (clockwise in Sydney), but racing is racing anywhere, only more so in Australia. Post-mutual "investments" (bets) totaled \$74 million last year. Licensed bookmaker "investments" in four reporting states hit \$407,587,240. Allowing for non-reporting areas, the figures add up to \$75 each for every man, woman and child on the continent.

To appreciate the importance of racing in Australia, the one thing certain to drive the Olympics off the front pages this month is the Melbourne Cup, with a \$53,700 purse and 75,000-plus average crowd. Since 1861 it has been held at the Flemington track on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. During the running of the Cup, Australia's work simply stops, so visitors might as well be prepared. A visiting New Zealander found that even a Sydney tram halted as riders could listen to the radio while the race was being run. The story is told of the two pig-tailed schoolgirls who came home downcast, having lost five shillings each in a sweepstakes. Asked how they had learned the race result so soon, the tots were astounded. "Why," said one, "teacher turned the wireless on so the class could hear."

Regardless of how the Melbourne Cup seems to affect the Australians, Americans need know only one fact: the cup was won, in 1890, by a New Zealand-bred horse (but many of the best in Australia come from there) named Phar Lap. In 1931 he tried again, but had to carry 155, and ran eighth. Subsequently, in America, he won one more race.

And this is the part which must be remembered. Australians will buy beer, lend a Yank their tennis rackets, take him crocodile hunting, give him fish, hook the family jewels for an evening on the town, generally act what they are, the world's most sports-minded people. But they won't forget Phar Lap.

What happened to Phar Lap?

As one editor put it, "He died in America after eating grass which had been sprayed. At the time, there was some conjecture that the grass had been sprayed deliberately." The editor is more circumspect than the average man in the street. "The Americans poisoned him," is the direct reply and any amount of discussion isn't going to work.

In Australia, where the kookaburras laugh like jackasses while dropping snakes on rocks, the Phar Lap story isn't any laughing matter, and it isn't ever going to be over. He who would have Australians tolerate him stops to see Phar Lap's enshrined heart at Canberra and stands silent before his stuffed hide in Melbourne. And, reviewing the Australian's natural love of sport, he regrets that anybody ever sprayed grass with anything, even water. (CDE)



FLYING HIGH. Australian rules detersman bounds like kangaroo off opponent's back, intercepts pun intended for man at right.

ON THE TOWN IN MELBOURNE

DRAWINGS BY HERBERT CRONWOLD

Australia's Olympic city, happily in the throes of a solid gastronomic renaissance, will treat travelers to Continental menus, some fine local wines and excellent native cooking

by HARRY COX

MELBOURNE, as this year's host for the Olympic Games, is organizing a feast of international food more authentic, more elaborate—and, possibly, more perilous—than has ever been raised in concerted food planning anywhere else.

This bland and gracious city of a million and a half on the southern edge



will be 12 separate kitchens, producing more than 5,000 dishes to appease just about every palate on earth.

But away from the Olympic Village, Melbourne is developing its international food a quality and variety that it would never have contemplated 10 years ago. At least eight of the city's hotels—the Savoy Plaza, the Australia, Mermaid, Chevron, the Oriental, Scott's, the Windsor and the Oxford—have chefs of international renown, capable of turning out the highest-quality food. It will not be served as elaborately or as communally as at the Waldorf-Astoria or Claridge's, but many of the dishes will be as good.

After the first half a dozen or so, though, the hotels slope away precariously. None, however, will ever approach Sol McDermott's old Madhouse. McDermott, Melbourne's oldest hotelier, has since sold the establishment and now owns the Great Western, but in his more florid days he was given to printing up lurid labels embellished with the Madhouse name and pasting them on his guests' expensive luggage. The labels bore a villainous caricature of McDermott as a warder, with a bunch of enormous keys, and had a space for the name of the patient.

Inmates of the Madhouse could expect—and often were victimized by—the rarest of pranks. To welcome the English comedian Tommy Trinder to the Madhouse, McDermott put a moth-eaten carpet across the pavement and lined each side of it with dead flowers stuck in broken jars. Then he rounded up a dozen of Melbourne's most decrepit and most dependable alcoholics and paid them to loiter and chatter incoherently beside the carpet as a

guard of honor. Over the door he hung a sign reading, "McDermott's Madhouse Welcomes Bob Hope."

There are at least four Continental restaurants in a class with the hotels—the Florentino, Molina's Imperial, the Rita and the Venezia. Though the food at all is excellent, any gourmet in Melbourne will tell you that the best to be had is at the Oxford Hotel, a small two-story place that shrinks back humbly among the taller buildings at the corner of Swanston Street and a Beckett Street, near the edge of the



of the Australian continent has always been noted for its mannered and urbane hospitality, but it has been mainly staid British hospitality for staid British people.

Now, flushed with a new international fervor, the settled purpose of Melbourne's restaurants, hotels and private homes is to give visitors from all parts of the world an almost wanton festival of food that will make them feel at home if they stick to their national dishes or on a gastronomic merry-go-round if they try the lot.

There are two parts to the program. The first, of course, is the entertainment of the athletes—6,000 of them plus officials of the competing nations. This will all be done in the Olympic Village at Heidelberg, built specially for the Games in a sunny, semirural glade at the edge of the city. There



city's square-mile business block. The Oxford has a front bar usually filled with garrulous artisans in overalls. If you were innocently in search of fine food, you would look at the common-place façade, take one sniff and pass on. But in a small dining room at the back the proprietor, the bluff Maurice Johnson, and his Dutch chef have built up a menu distinguished by the combination of Continental dishes and a fine array of Australian food, some of it unpronounceable here in Melbourne.

The Oxford is building a new cellar which will hold 400,000 bottles of wine, but, pending that, Johnson has all the

Text of On the Town in Melbourne continued on page 44

Turn this page for an animated map of Australians at play

Australians are a vociferous and a noisy breed and if there is one diversion that they attack with more vigor and glee, abundant than the 38 sports shown in this camp, it is arguing, not always about which sport is best. The most argumentative section of the continent is the southern coast, where most Australians live. They ramp out, however, in noisy packs, jamming on a ferry three or four, to bet on a sailboat race, watching a Davis Cup tennis match in the west. (While, two months, leaving crocodiles in the north, and everywhere—he is an Outback cattle town or Melbourne's drunk traffic—betting on horses.

Australians are a voracious and a noisy breed and if there is one direction that they attack with more vigor and glee, abundance than the SE sports shown on this map, it is arguing, not about which sport is best. The most argumentative section of the continent is the southeast corner, where most Australians live. They ramp out, however, in noisy packs, jamming on a fence three right, to bet on a football team, watching a Davis Cup tennis match in the west (Davis came north), having crocodiles in the north, and everywhere—he is an Outback cattle town or Melbourne's swank tracks—betting on horses.



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superb chateau wines of France, most of the best champagnes, same brand and heart-warming old Spanish brandies as well as cognacs, delicate whites from the Moselle and the Rhine and, in addition, fine Australian wines. The Mildara Supreme dry sherry (made at Mildara on the Murray River), Mount Pleasant claret (from the Hunter River valley, north of Sydney), Great Western champagne (from the settlement of Great Western in Victoria) or any of the three great products of the Barossa Valley in South Australia rank with the world's best and cost roughly a quarter of the price of imported wines.

Johnson and his Dutch chef turn out an exquisite rabbit Australian—a three-quarter killed rabbit, boned, rolled and seasoned with rabbit liver and herbs, and braised in wine and butter. A minor dish of the house is a refined mixture of cock's comb, chicken and ham, rolled into balls, deep fried and served with lemon slices under the unnecessarily forbidding title "bitter balls." They are different and excellent.

Other Australian foods that the Oxford needs in are two magnificent fish, the red snapper and the barramundi. The Oxford is the only Melbourne hotel that regularly puts on kangaroo tail soup—a little like oxtail soup, but stronger, slightly gamier and in a class with New Zealand toharon and Australian turtle soup.

For curry lovers, the Cayton, just out of the city in South Yarra is the place.

Run by an attractive young Eurasian girl in a bright sari, Joyce van der Poorten, daughter of a tea planter, the Cayton imports all the curry ingredients, from cardamom seed, aniseed, fenel seed, cumin, dill, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, saffron and chilies to the free-birding Maldives Islands fish (black hard lumps of sea fish sunbaked in the hot sand 400 miles off Ceylon).

It is a ritual of the Cayton that all curries must be cooked in coconut milk. This is extracted by a special machine from massive bags of 85 coconuts each, dumped regularly in the backyard of the Cayton. Even the honey for paripoli (honey and coconut paste) is not the honey the bees make but what is called, in Ceylon, jaggery, a nectar fed from the coconut palm at the point where the frond branches out from the trunk.

The Mangnan, in the city's Chinese quarter, Little Bourke Street, features unusual Chinese dishes. Grass long hair is made with a Tasmanian crayfish, a tender and juicy southern version of the lobster. The meat is taken from the shell, minced with mushrooms, water chestnuts and Chinese vegetables, returned to the shell and given a crisp crust in the oven. It is a kind of Chinese variation (or it could be the original) of lobster Newburg. It is served in a smother of brown sauce.

Bar wing arp is only one of several hundred ways the Chinese have contrived to cook a duck. The raw duck is boned, then stuffed with a mixture of water-lily seeds, barley, Chinese herbs and the unbroken yolks of three duck eggs set down the center of the

bird in a straight line. It is first roasted to a mahogany brown, then steamed. It is served out down the center so that the duck egg yolks open out like small Dutch cheeses sliced neatly in halves.

Something similar is barked far guy. All the raw meat and bones of a chicken are taken out without breaking the skin. The meat is rinsed with herbs and seasonings, then put back into the skin. It is steamed and served in a sauce and covered with a white sauce.

Chinay Poon, proprietor of the Lingnan, air-brights down from the mud flats inside the Great Barrier Reef five North Queensland mud crabs, rated one of the most delicious shellfish in the world. They are not merely a finger-bowl job—they warrant a hand basin, but they are worth it.

Recently The William Anglin Food Trades School in Melbourne has become the center for domestic planning for the Olympics. Headed by German Chef Walter Zimmerman, the school is now running regular night classes for Melbourne housewives who, because hotel space is so limited, have been booked up to take in paying Olympic guests.

Walter Zimmerman holds all the European certificates. Before he came to Australia he cooked for Claridge's, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Hilton chain and others. He is specially fond of a photograph that shows him, as a port and slim young man not yet filled out with fine food, beside the great Excoffier at the Adlon Hotel in Berlin when he helped Excoffier prepare the dinner German Kaiser Wilhelm and Edward VII of England had together in 1909.



Zimmerman's infatuation to the Melbourne housewives: the first night the guests arrive, put on a truly Australian dinner (such as roast lamb with green peas and mint sauce, preceded by a soup or fish course and followed by a sweet such as apple pie and cream). After that, change to the national food of their guests.

After nearly 30 years in Australia, Zimmerman, apart from throwing Australian slang around like a native, has



become more assertively Australian than the Australians. He has even come to regard Australian food as infinitely superior to anything else in the world. Other food, he says, has to be prestidigitated. There is no soup out of the sea, he says, like the turtle soup from Queensland, no fish better than the giant eel caught in the Murray (Australia's greatest river, 1,600 miles long), no lovelier fruit than the pineapples, bananas, passion fruit and mangoes that grow almost wild in Australia's tropics, no better beef or lamb.

"You can go all over the world," says Zimmerman ecstatically, "eating at the best houses in Europe, England, America and the East, and yet you will find something, some little thing missing. What is it? I tell you what it is—it is not like what mother made. They dolly it up. Well, in Australia we don't have to do that. All our food is so good you only need to cook it."

The most arrogant Australian, of course, would never dare to talk like this German convert. Nor has the average Australian the same faith in his country's food. Many, if not all Australians, would rather have an indifferent chicken maccos or a tornado à la Bismarck any day than an honest roast chicken or a grilled fillet steak cooking its natural juices, or a steamed Murray perch, or the giant Popeye claws of a crab hooked up out of four feet of gray mud in the Whitunday Passage. It may be left to Olympic visitors, perhaps, to tell them how good some of these things are. (E.E.E.)



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YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you're going to Melbourne

How to pack for the 8,000-mile flight and what to wear as a spectator-tourist in the sometime summertime down under

The journey YOU'LL be traveling one-third the circumference of the globe, from the always fall-like, tweed-suit climate of San Francisco to the unpredictable June-like climate of Melbourne in November, with a stopover in semitropical Hawaii. As a visiting spectator, you will have the problem of packing 66 pounds of luggage (44 if you go tourist) with clothing that will take you through the varying climates and a busy round of sporting and social events.

The climate IN MELBOURNE, during November and December, conditions, though changeable, are pleasant. Very hot days are rare, the temperature rarely reaching 90°. It can be cool, with daytime temperatures sometimes averaging 60°, though seldom falling below 40° at night. Both November and December have many days of sunshine but also a high incidence of drizzling, rainy ones, and winds with gusts of over 60 mph have been recorded for every month of the year.

Luggage ALTHOUGH seasoned world travelers claim to be able to circle the globe with one kit bag, Olympic visitors will find themselves better equipped with two bags, in addition to a carry-on bag. One should be a sturdy, leather-bound canvas garment bag for men's suits or women's dresses; the other a soft-sided canvas case with a strong metal frame—the 40-inch size is the most useful. The carry-on should, by airline regulations, not measure more than 12 by 6 by 7 inches; in it you should pack everything you'll need for 36 hours in the air—slippers, for instance, and a bathing suit, for you'll have time for a swim at Waikiki during your 5½-hour stopover in Hawaii.

Men's clothes WILLIAM F. TAYLOR'S position as captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team has taken him to Australia five times at the same time of year that the Olympics are being held. Bill thinks the most useful garment a man could have at Melbourne would be a lightweight navy-blue blazer, like the one blended of Acrilan and wool he designed for his tennis teammates. Worn with lightweight gray Duaron and worsted slacks, it's cool enough for a hot day, neat enough for wear in downtown Melbourne. He also takes a tweed sport jacket to wear while traveling and on cooler days, a dark tropical-weight suit and lightweight black dinner clothes. Bill wears the tuxedo to official tennis functions in the evening, or for dinner at the Menzies Hotel, but, unless a man expects invitations to formal affairs connected with the Games, dinner clothes are not necessary. A raincoat is a must, as is some form of head covering in the glare of the sun. Bill wears a white duck hat with a brim while watching tennis. Walking shorts are not worn in town, but more adventuresome spectators will find them comfortable.

Women's clothes WOMEN at the Games will be best off with easy-to-wear sheaths and shirt-waist dresses in silks, cottons or blends of natural and synthetic fibers that have their own jackets or sweaters to be added as the temperature requires. Since rain is more of a problem than the chill of the evenings, the one coat you should take is a raincoat of a handsome fabric suitable for day or evening. Your need for dinner clothes will be minimal—a short dinner skirt of chiffon, for instance, that packs without crushing and can be worn with chiffon blouses or cashmere or Orlon sweaters. There's every opportunity for participating in sport as well as watching it in Melbourne—the yacht clubs will declare open house, and there are 100 golf courses and hundreds of tennis courts about the city—so visitors should take their active sports clothes as well. A coordinated group of Duaron-and-cotton cord tennis shorts, Bermuda shorts, sleeveless shirt, flared sport skirt and slacks should meet any active sport need. For traveling, the wise girl will pack a knitted cotton dress in her overnight bag and change into it from a tweed traveling suit after she leaves San Francisco.

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Max Trues, towheaded little USC sophomore from Warsaw, Ind., whose confidence before his race, strode through five miles in 24:21.7 for new American record at Olympic record as Olympians engaged in practice meet at Santa Ana, Calif.



Barbara Mueller, Chicago-based teacher who won hardware both at Olympic team, displayed her all-around skills in Pennsylv., piling up record-breaking 4,554 points in five events to win U.S. women's pentathlon title for second time.

RECORD BREAKERS

Lorraine Crapp, stubby 38-year-old Aussie squabble who broke world records almost at last as she sets them, tried her whippering three-mile in new Olympic pool at Melbourne, thrashed 100 meters in 1:42.4, then teamed up with Diane Fraser, Margaret Gibson and Patch Leach to do 4:12.8 for 400-meter relay, surpassing marks not only five days earlier (Oct. 25).

U.S. Olympic Belvedere George Hosen and Bill Yarek took wheels at record breaking in time trials at New Haven, came away with three. Freestyling Brown rattled off 9:13.7 for 800 meters and 9:19.2 for 800 yards to better world marks (Oct. 27); Yarek barreled through 100-meter butterfly in 1:43.1 for American long-course mark (Oct. 28).

Mikhail Petrovich Krivonozov, self-proclaimed Russian photographer teacher who gave up sailing seven years ago because he was too big (he now weighs 245), continued to play big with world hammer-throw record, getting off tremendous toss of 230 feet 10 3/8 inches at Tashkent to regain mark from America's Harold Connolly (Oct. 25).

HOCKEY

Detroit continued to set merry pace in NHL, outskating Chicago and Montreal to remain unbeaten (but tied twice) in seven games, but Toronto and New York were close enough to make things interesting. Scattering Canadians dropped to fifth while Boston won only game of week and Chicago was still without victory.

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma, showing awesome power and little mercy, rolled over Notre Dame 48-0, had winning company in Georgia Tech, 48-0 victory over Tulane, Stanford, which outscored USC 17-19; Tennessee, which trounced Maryland 34-7. Upsets of week: Illinois surprised Michigan State 24-18; Colgate shocked Yale 14-6; Minnesota beat Michigan 24-7; Miami blanked TCU 16-0; Arkansas thwarted Mississippi 14-0.

New York defeated Philadelphia 24-0, to move into first place tie with Chicago Cards, upset by Washington 13-14, in Eastern Conference of NFL, and Detroit made it five in row, beating Los Angeles 16-7, to hold lead in west. Chicago Bears outscored San Francisco 38-21; Pittsburgh beat Cleveland 24-16; Baltimore scored over Green Bay 23-21.

BOXING

Eddie Machon, quick-moving Baddie, Calif., heavyweight, boxed around balking Johnny Holman for six rounds has queen bee contemplating a jump of sugar, attack swiftly and surely with stingright, sharp combination to win by KO in seventh at Portland, Ore. for his 18th straight. Even Manager Ed Flaherty, who has been moving his tiger cautiously, was forced to admit: "He's about ready now."

Babe Marley, jowly looking character who thought his troubles were over when he resigned as coachmaster of Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium, was handed new parcel of war, California State Athletic Com-

mission moved to revoke his license, filed nine-point accusation, including charges of participating in share or collusive contests, having financial interest in two boxes and actually managing another, conduct reflecting on boxing through association with ex-coach. Marley will get his day in court when full commission sits in Los Angeles, November 8.

BASEBALL

Marty Marion became latest major league managerial casualty, turning in cap and necktie to Chicago White Sox because "they were not happy with my work." His successor: Al Lopez, who recently resigned after six years at Cleveland. Week's hottest name: Lew Buecherer, once executive-supervising National League manager but now radio TV executive, may be back in baseball next year. Leo, preparing to meet with Cleveland General Manager Hank Greenberg, batted back: "They better come up with an awful lot of money. I want to be a stockholder, not just a manager."

Bodie Fickelstein, shrill-voiced Cincinnati skipper who got near end of last-hitter pitching staff and long-ball hitters to finish third behind Brooklyn and Milwaukee, was named National League's Manager of Year in AP poll. To surprise of no one, American League choice was Yankees' middle-talking Casey Stengel, who reacted with typical Stengelen: "Naturally the first thing you'd have to say, that is, you should be thankful for the award of that kind..."

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



SPRINTING PANORAMA catches U.S. Olympians in full stride in warmup meet at Santa Ana, Calif., as graceful Leamon

King (left) snaps up a bare step ahead of reigning Thane Baker (right) to equal the pending world record of 19.5 in 100-meter dash.

SCOREBOARD



Tom Hobkins, 63-year-old Larchmont, N.Y., businessman-golfer, finished even par with J. Wood Platt at end of 18 holes, rolled in seven-foot putt on 19th to win North and South Senior championship at Pinehurst, N.C.



Betty Dodd, long-shitting pro who got her first taste of golf while living at Fort Bell, returned to Oklaheena for one of her most notable victories, setting course record of 87 while winning Ladies P.O.A. tournament with 214 at Lawton.



Willard Rhodes, Seattle groceryman, had good reason to flash his satisfied smile after APRA (Association of Professional Race Automobile) board Racing Commission picked his sponsored *Thunderway* winner of disputed Gold Cup race at Detroit last September 1.

Brooklyn Dodgers having their troubles in Japan (see page 28) where home complaints they were "too quiet and dignified," got best news since National League season ended: Johnny Podres, brash young left-handed pitching star of 1966 World Series, was given medical discharge from U.S. Navy because of back ailment.

HORSE RACING

Mrs. Gene Hartack's Calumet Farm and **Willie Hartack** had highly profitable week at Garden State, taking down whopping \$222,669.56 in two races. Hartack, up on clumpy 6-year-old Bartowevon, stormed down stretch to win \$81,448 Trenton Handicap, worth \$24,550 to winner, came back three days later aboard Bartolito to nose Federal Hill in \$319,210 Garden State, world's richest horse race (see page 31), adding \$163,436.56 to already well-stuffed Calumet coffers and bringing his total purses for year to record-breaking \$1,282,688.

TRACK AND FIELD

Harold Connolly, hefty-swinging Bostonian, whirled hammer 224 feet 8 1/4 inches in Olympic warmup meet at Santa Ana (see page 28) but lost new world record when official weights disclosed hammer was 1/2 ounce light. Technically also not multi-massed Perry O'Brien mark in same meet. World's best shotputter soared from ball 62 feet 8 1/4 inches, his best ever and 8 1/4 inches farther than own pending record, but throw won't count because landing area was nine inches lower than shotput ring.

OLYMPIC TRIALS

U.S. weight lifter went through 8 hours of grunting and growling at San Jose, Calif., came up with seven-man Olympic team headed by Heavyweight Super Strongboy Paul Anderson. Others: Dave Sheppard of York, Pa., middle heavyweight; Tommy Kono of Sacramento and Jim George of Akron, light heavyweights; Pete George of Akron, middleweight; Isaac Berger of Brooklyn, featherweight; Chuck Vincl of York, bantamweight.

MILEPOSTS

Incognito—Johnny Longden, racing's winningest rider (4,920), triple crown winner aboard Count Fleet in 1943; **Sammy Murphy**, master of pace judging who heeded horse 626 first-place results in 1,472 races (from 1873 to 1894) for best-ever percentage; **Ted Sloan**, flamboyant gladiator boy who lived high, blew \$5 million fortune and died broke in 1933, early exponent of monkey-on-a-stick riding technique; elected to Jockey's Hall of Fame, at Pinckney, Md.

FORGOTTEN—Frank Leahy, pedantic ex-Notre Dame coach, now one of football's elder statesmen and learned TV commentator; presented with Heisman Coach Hall of Fame award, at Hollywood.

NEW—**Josef Cernak**, 22, hammer-throw champion in 1969 Olympics; **Gábor Benedek**, 28, second in pentathlon at Helsinki; reported killed while fighting with rebels against Soviet troops in Hungary.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

JOEY SUTHER, Atlanta, 200 m. NASCAR championship, six stock cars and combinations with 51 1/2 mph avg. in 1969 Texas (Martinsville, Va.)

CHUCKY BARNES, Bristol, Tenn., 1948 "mean race" 500-m. night car race, in 2:57.1, in 1958 Ford, Indianapolis, Ill.

BOXING

MIKE WALLACE, 1-round KO over Bob Marshall, heavy, middle, Madison

TONY BARBARA, 1 round KO over Tex Garza, middleweight, New York

WILLYE WATTS, 1-round KO over Pat Lewis, welterweight, Miami

FRANKIE FIVE, 16-round decision over Frankie Spivey, light-heavyweight, New York

MARIE STAMATA, 10-round decision over Juan Fernandez, bantamweight (Cincinnati, Ohio)

CRICKET

SAM HIGGINS, New York (Lancashire) 1000 wickets, with 8 1/2 wickets, New York

GOLF

B. G. Armstrong, won Mexico and Canada, for Cup of the Americas, with 270 (4), Mexico City

HORSE RACING

EDWINA D., \$24,000 Canadian Championship, 1 1/2 m., by 2 lengths, in 2:30 2/5, Hamilton, Jan. 24

ALFRED, \$10,000 Canadian Championship, 1 1/2 m., by 2 1/2 lengths, in 2:30 2/5, Hamilton, Jan. 24

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SLAMING Canadian Jean Beliveau (center) holds off Rangers' Bill Gadsby and Jack Evans in game won by New York 3-2.



GOING loose ball, a U. of Chicago instrumental player gets ready to pounce in a scrimmage with North Park College team.



SLAMING St. Louis Hawk Ed Schaefer is held in mid-air by Minneapolis' Ed Kalafatis in NBA opener in St. Louis.

With 19 2-year-olds running for \$319,210, The Garden

State was history's richest race. For Calumet it was

BARBIZON'S DAY

There is a special excitement and tension in a race where the stakes are high. Nowhere in the long history of racing have the stakes been higher than they were at Garden State last Saturday when a subway jam of 2-year-olds—19 of them—met to divide up a gross purse of \$319,210 in the mile-and-a-half-mile Garden State, with \$170,000 or so to the winner. Walter Donovan, the track's general manager, was, in fact, so nervous that he turned his back to the field and sighed, "All I can do is hold my breath until they get around that first turn."

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, about to saddle the Futurity winner Bold Ruler, was more relaxed. "To win races, no matter what the purse, you've first got to have the best horse, then a lot of luck besides. I feel we've got the best horse, and I think we were lucky to draw the inside post position. If Ted [Atkinson] can get him in position around the first turn I think we should be in good shape. But never forget the part that racing luck plays. A man may think he knows what his own horse will do, but no man can hope to guess what every other horse in the race will do."

At a nearby table sat Calumet Farm's trainer, Jimmy Jones, a jovial man with a cheerful smile which does much to conceal the real Jones pessimism. Noting that Calumet's Iron Liege and Barbizon were to start from post positions 14 and 15, Jimmy gave out with the well-known Jones remark: "Look where they got us—out in the bleacher section in left field! How can we do anything from the outside when the best horse, Bold Ruler, is on the inside and should have everything his own way. All I can do is to tell my boys to do as they please, then sit back and hope."

To people who have taken note of the Jones pessimism over the years, Jimmy's woeful utterances last Saturday sounded suspiciously as though Jimmy was getting ready for a big payday. In fact, just five days before

the race Calumet Farm had (on Jones's advice) shelled out \$10,000 to make Barbizon a supplementary nomination. When he turned over the check to the track, Jimmy Jones's only glum comment had been, "Well, you can't hope to win anything if you keep your horses in the barn, can you?"

The race itself was a corker all the way, and it demonstrated two things very vividly. First, that the racing luck of which Mr. Fitz had spoken does play a tremendously important role. Second, never underestimate Jimmy Jones when the chips are down.

The most noticeable aspect of the start was that Bold Ruler, first into the gate, took it upon himself to throw a mild tantrum which resulted finally in a momentary sit-down in the starting gate before Atkinson and an assistant starter could persuade him that this was, after all, a working day and this was the starting gate. At the break, however, he got away with great speed and sailed into the turn well placed behind the lightning form of an outsider named Jaunty John and the second choice, Federal Hill. In the meantime Willie Hartack had Barbizon

pretty much in the middle of the pack.

Then it happened: Jaunty John, who had crested off the first half in 45.4 s, suddenly couldn't go another inch. As Federal Hill swept by him into the lead, Atkinson was not to move with Bold Ruler. "I had been noticing," said Ted, "that Jaunty John had a tendency to bear out. Well, I knew he was going to show up pretty soon, and I figured the next time he bore out I'd go inside of him. But what I didn't know was that he was going to stop as fast as he did. Jaunty John dropped from first to last place in less than a quarter of a mile. When he did, my horse ducked out right on Jaunty John's heels." Bold Ruler, who hadn't yet made a serious move, now was never going to. He finished 17th. He very nearly fell, and in a flash the field was flying by him—including Barbizon, who was gradually pulling into contention, from the 12th spot to sixth and now sixth. But there was Federal Hill to collar, and there ran, now, was Amarullah. Once he and Barbizon were around the final turn in third place, Willie Hartack opened up the throttle, and foot by foot Barbizon bore down on the leaders. On the wire you know only that Amarullah was third; you could only guess that Federal Hill and Barbizon had dead-heated. The picture alone (see page 40) settled it: Barbizon by the head of nose.

The reason you haven't heard much of Barbizon is that Jones is habitually—and purposely—slow in bringing most of his 2-year-olds to the races. Barbizon, a dark bay son of Polymetron out of a Hall Lee mare named Good Blood, made his first start, in fact, as late as September 15. After winning four in a row he was finally beaten less than a length by Federal Hill just a week before the Garden State. The way he was moving at the finish of the big one, however, should make him a natural for the longer distances he'll have to go next year. A smiling Jimmy Jones, off to a champagne victory party Saturday evening, finally using a different turn, "I sort of felt all along," he said with a twinkle, "that he had a chance."

And Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, ever the gracious gentleman that he is, found the right words too. "Bold Ruler was having good luck until he jumped on that horse—but you have to expect these things in racing. Jimmy's horse ran a real fine race and came from a tough position."

Barbizon won his color the hard way. He's going to be a good one, and when he and Bold Ruler next meet let's hope their race is not marred by poor racing luck.

KENTUCKY DERBY ODDS

If the Kentucky Derby were to be run next week, the opening feeding line on the 12 leading contenders might run as follows. The odds were furnished collectively to Sports Illustrated by John and Tony Aloisi, the operators of the Calumet Future Book.

Barbizon	3 to 1
Bold Ruler	5 to 1
King Mahan	5 to 1
Federal Hill	10 to 1
Greek Gates	10 to 1
Amarullah	15 to 1
Meloon	20 to 1
Nashville	20 to 1
Miner Arc	20 to 1
Coburn	20 to 1
Amberchasing	20 to 1
Round Table	20 to 1

NOW IN NOVEMBER

continued from page 28

Bowl who was not watching the clock, and he wasted five of those valuable minutes bringing the ball in slow steps to the Colgate 15, where he lost possession on a fumble.

Though the Colgate loss does not affect Ivy League standings (Yale and Princeton are still tied for the lead with undefeated records), Princeton must now be considered the new favorite on the strength of its 28-20 win over Colgate a week earlier. The only other apparent threat to the conference crown is Harvard (8-1), which in recent years has grown November muscles and used them in knocking over either Yale or Princeton or both. It could happen

again this year too, when Harvard has shown surprising early strength.

As usual, the real strength of the East lies in the independents—this year Penn State, Pittsburgh and Syracuse. These teams have provided the area with the kind of stature that is acknowledged even in such lofty football temples as those of the Big Ten and the South. Penn State, so far the most impressive of this trinity, has beaten Ohio State, and last week upended West Virginia 16-6. Both Army and Navy have failed to uphold their normal prestige so far, and the feeling grows that they are saving themselves for each other. Army can pile it up

against the little fellows—as they did 60-0 against Columbia last week—but they do not have it against teams like Michigan and Syracuse. The same holds true for Navy, which lost to Yale but flattened Pennsylvania 54-6.

The Yankee Conference has continued to gain in stature thanks to Connecticut and Maine. The UConn very nearly upset Yale in the Elit opener this year and are still unbeaten in their own halfback.

Williams, the class of the Little Three this year, suffered its first loss of the season last Saturday to Tufts 48-20, but that is scarcely a disgrace. Tufts is still undefeated and ranks with the finest of the small college teams anywhere. That early win over Harvard was no fluke.—DON PARKER

DOWN SOUTH: CLEMSON ENJOYS ITS BIG THURSDAY

IN SOUTH CAROLINA there has existed since 1835 an institution known as Big Thursday. It occurs during State Fair Week in the capital city of Columbia, and it features pretty girls, fuff candy and a football game between Clemson College and the University of South Carolina.

Big Thursday 1956 was in many ways much like those that had preceded it. As always, Clemson students held a solemn mock funeral for the Carolina Gamecock. As always, Carolina students burned a huge effigy of the Clemson Tiger on the steps of the capitol. As always, Carolina freshmen happily took on the task of ringing the

chapel bell unceasingly for 24 hours before the game. But this time, for a change, the Tiger and the Gamecock were playing for more than the football championship of the state of South Carolina.

Thanks to a confounding reversal in the fortunes of the perennial Atlantic Coast Conference giants, Duke and Maryland, the Big Thursday antagonists found themselves fighting for a place in the Orange Bowl next Jan. 1. There were simply no other logical contenders, surprisingly enough.

Neither is an exciting ball club. Neither is really top grade, either. Though both came to Big Thursday unbeaten

in conference play, Clemson had been held to a tie by Florida, one of the more mundane members of the neighboring Southeast Conference; and Carolina had been beaten by Miami. Yet this scarcely mattered to the 35,000 witnesses who had bought their prized tickets back in July. As always, the seats had gone before there was a chance for private sale. Columbia funeral directors reported numerous calls from ticket-seekers inquiring whether any deceased customers might perhaps owned a duet that they could negotiate for.

As expected, the game turned into a sullen, slow-moving affair between two teams to whom ball control is everything. Clemson never threw a pass all day, counting on powerful Halfback Joel Wells to gorge small but steady gains through the Carolina tackles. Carolina, frustrated in its attempts to spring their swift sophomore halfbacks—King Dismond and Allen Hawkins—wide around the ends, was also forced inside for short yardage. Never once in the game was a ball carrier loose in the secondary. Two big, fast, crunching defenses took care of that. Pairstakingly the two teams labored up and down the field, stringing three to five first downs together, then stalling against the rock-like defenses.

The longest run of the day, a 29-yard punt return by Clemson Halfback Jim Coleman, set up the only score midway in the first quarter, putting the Tigers on Carolina's 35-yard line. With Wells and Coleman hanging unceasingly at the tackles, Clemson covered the

CRUNCHING POWER of Georgia Tech overpowers Tulane as pint-sized Halfback Jimmy Thompson climbs aboard his Fullback Ken Owen (40) for short ride. Tech won 40-0.



distance in nine plays, with Quarterback Charlie Bussey smacking the ball six inches and running the extra point across when the snap from center went awry.

Going for the tie, Carolina put on a long, slow drive in the fourth quarter, moving from its own 33 to Clemson's four in 20 laborious plays. There were just two minutes left. But seconds later, from a pileup on the two, a ball squirmed loose to be covered in the end zone for a touchback by Clemson's Bussey. Time ran out and ecstatic Tiger coaches bore their heads off the field 7-6 victors, snuffing orange blossoms all the way.

While the Atlantic Coast Conference stands topsy-turvy at midseason, the rugged Southeast Conference is running largely to form. Georgia Tech (5-0) fast, clever, resourceful and deep at all positions, stands high atop the conference and close to the very top nationally. The Yellow Jackets, who can use third-string backs without sacrificing appreciable offensive strength, get better every week. Their sole major hurdle en route to an unbeaten year and a sixth straight bowl appearance comes Nov. 10 against Tennessee (5-0). The beautifully drilled Vols have come a long way on the strength of devastating single-wing blocking, an opportunistic defense and the multifarious talents of fullback Johnny Majors, already hailed by General Bob Neyland as the best all-round fullback he ever saw. Tennessee will have its hands full with Georgia Tech and Mississippi later on, but remains a prime bowl candidate. The Tech game is the real test.

Waiting for the leaders to falter is Mississippi (4-2). The Rebels have the South's best fullback (and the country's best field goal kicker) in Paige Costum and an imaginative attack operated by alternate Quarterbacks

TEAM PERFORMANCES

TEAM OFFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Oklahoma	5	353	70.6
Texas	5	317	63.4
Southern California	5	299	59.8
Washington State	5	241	48.2
Stanford-Brown	5	114	22.8

OFFENSE OFFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Oklahoma	5	317	63.4
Southern California	5	299	59.8
Stanford-Brown	5	114	22.8
Army	5	284	56.8
Virginia Tech	2	157	31.4

TOTAL OFFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Washington	5	319	63.8
Oklahoma	5	317	63.4
Texas	5	292	58.4
Penn State	5	276	55.2
Penn State	5	267	53.4

TOTAL DEFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Arizona State, Stanford	5	170	34.0
Pack Hanning, Notre Dame	5	157	31.4
San Francisco, Oregon	7	241	48.2
San Francisco, San Jose	5	171	34.2
San Jose, Stanford Calif	2	110	22.0

DEFENSE OFFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
San Francisco, Wyoming	2	142	28.4
San Jose, San Jose	2	109	21.8
San Jose, San Jose	2	96	19.2
San Jose, Southern Calif	5	306	61.2
San Jose, Spokane	2	92	18.4

John Wallace Black and Ray Brown behind a big, fast line that once looked impenetrable on defense. Their first loss (to Tulane) seemed like just one of those upsets, but when they dropped a 14-0 decision to Arkansas last Saturday night, their admirers began to wonder if they were good or lucky.

There is little to be said for or about the ridiculously unbalanced Southern

WORKING OFFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Texas	5	292	58.4
Missouri	5	276	55.2
Missouri College	4	111	22.2
Georgia Tech	5	265	53.0
Missouri	5	218	43.6

PASSING OFFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Washington St.	5	118	23.6
Stanford	5	108	21.6
San Jose State	5	100	20.0
College of Pac.	5	115	23.0
Nebraska	5	100	20.0

PASSING DEFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Washington	5	24	4.8
Texas Christian	5	17	3.4
Nebraska	5	15	3.0
Stanford	5	13	2.6
Georgetown	5	11	2.2

INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

PASSING OFFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
John (Jack) Stanford	5	144	28.8
Bob (Bob) San Jose	5	111	22.2
Ed (Ed) Stanford	7	108	21.6
Lee (Lee) Stanford	5	117	23.4
Bob (Bob) San Jose	7	107	21.4

PASS DEFENSE

Team	Plays	Yds.	Per Game
Bill (Bill) Washington St.	5	24	4.8
Paul (Paul) Stanford	5	17	3.4
Steve (Steve) Stanford	5	15	3.0
John (John) San Jose	7	13	2.6
Art (Art) San Jose	5	11	2.2

IN THE SOUTHWEST: THE AGGIES SCRAMBLED

THIS Texas Aggie football team, which beat down Baylor 19-13 in a savage Donnybrook that may well have decided the Southwest Conference title, is created in the image of Coach Bear Bryant. It is not deep enough in talent to crush most of its foes—this was the second straight week the Aggies had to come from behind to nip the opposition in tight thrillers—but it has the capacity to become overwhelming when it has to be, a capacity to produce with the winning

play when that one play means the ball game.

Its great strength is defense—a gambling, scrambling line which shoots the gaps at midfield but tightens and tightens as it is pushed back toward its own goal; fine defensive backs who concentrate on slamming down the opposition's running game and figure on intercepting enough passes to blunt any effective aerial attack.

The list of stars on this hard-nosed outfit is long enough to do credit to

Conference. West Virginia (3-2), Virginia Tech (6-1) and George Washington (5-0-1) speed-eagle a lackluster field. What's worse, there is no real way to tell which of the leaders is the best. West Virginia plays George Washington this weekend, but Virginia Tech meets neither this season. The Southern is a conference in name only.

—LEO GRUBBS

(Continued on next page)

NOW IN NOVEMBER

continued from page 23

with a primitive seal which early earned him Bryant's ultimate accolade: "A boy who will butt you."

The fact is that Crow was just about the difference between these two fine teams. For more than three quarters of the game they had traded touchdowns, with a Baylor conversion giving the home team the edge by a single point, 13-12. That was when the Bears had their final and most humiliating taste of Crow. Starting with a 28-yard sweep around end and winding up with two reckless rushes into the middle of a gauged-up Baylor line for the final four yards, this amazing halfback was the heart of the Aggies' final drive to victory. During his night's work he carried the ball 14 times for 76 yards—more than any other player on either team. He intercepted one Baylor pass, threw one himself for six points and, of course, scored the final touchdown himself. He turned Saturday night into a sad occasion for Baylor, which had entered the game with its highest hopes for a championship in many years and had hoped to prove its rights before a sellout homecoming crowd in Waco.

Even with their previous victories over Baylor and TCU, the Aggies still have a tough row to hoe if they are to win their first conference title in years. Southern Methodist, idle this week, is a fleet, daring ball club sparked by the daring Charlie Arnold,

a quarterback of tremendous merit who can pass any team dizzy.

Should the Aggies fail, Baylor and TCU still rank as contenders. TCU let down last week after their 6-7 loss to A&M the week before, and Miami caught and beat them 14-0. But any club with Jim Swink and Chuck Curtis in the backfield has to be rated high. Baylor suffered a cruel loss when Quarterback Doyle Trayler broke his ankle in practice before the Aggie game but is lucky to have almost as good a quarterback in Bobby Jones.

Elsewhere in the Southwest, Arizona State, West Texas State and Texas Western share the Border Conference lead with undefeated records. This conference could well end in a tie since Arizona State does not play either contender. Art Lappine of Arizona, though hampered by injuries, is one of the best backs anywhere and has already set the ultimate rushing record over a four-year period.

In the sprawling Missouri Valley Conference, Houston, which lost in a non-conference game to Auburn, 12-0, continues to look like the class of the league. They even tied Texas A&M 14-14 a couple of weeks ago. Quarterback Don Flynn has run the team well and Doyle Caraway has shown startling power at fullback. Tulsa, with a victory and a tie in conference play so far and a bunch of promising sophomores, plays Houston Nov. 10 in the game which should decide the championship. —WILLIAM C. RAFFERTY



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IN THE ROCKIES:

COLORADO PREFERS ORANGES

WHEN you gun for Oklahoma," mastered Colorado Coach Dal Ward, "you end up losing three games instead of just one. You lose the week before, then Oklahoma mauls you and you lose the week after. This year Colorado is not going to do or die against Oklahoma."

It sounded like callous abandonment of football's good old college try. Yet it was a sensible, realistic acceptance that a loss to Oklahoma by 40 points is no longer humiliating; so why commit suicide trying to keep the score down? Dal Ward's Colorado Buffaloes, after flattening Nebraska last Saturday 16-0 and taking a long step toward the Orange Bowl, bump into mighty Oklahoma this weekend. Throughout the past six years they have ambitiously cranked up for the Sooners and thrown

several scores into them, but they always limped home afterward. This year Colorado will play hard but at the same time keep one eye cocked on Nov. 10, when their game with Missouri will probably decide who represents the big Seven in the Orange Bowl.

With five straight wins (after a demoralizing 35-0 loss to Oregon in the opener) Coach Ward has whipped the single-wing Buffs into a dangerous running team. They have a wobbly passing game and a weak pass defense, but their swamping, pounding ground attack can move the ball in any direction. Against Nebraska they showed great speed on their wide plays with Bob Stranek, Eddie Dore and Howard Cook, plus bullish power up the middle with John (The Beast) Bayak, as bruising a fullback as there is in the country.

Bayuk slammed his way through the Cornhuskers for both Colorado touchdowns, gained 112 yards in 18 tries to push him even further ahead of all Big Seven runners. The Colorado ends, as usual, played a dogged game, choked Nebraska on the flanks and persistently swamped the passer. "Our great ends are our best pass defense," the coach has candidly confessed.

The ends will have to be charging fast against Missouri. The Tigers have an excellent quarterback in Jim Hunter, whom some coaches rate the best passer in the Big Seven Conference, not excluding Oklahoma's Jim Harris. Besides worrying about pass defense, Colorado will have another mental hiccup: they have never won a game at Columbia. But after the Nebraska game—which was played before 16,640 persons, largest crowd ever to watch an athletic event in the state of Colorado—Johnnie Dal Ward reasoned this way: "I've got 11 sophomores on the first two teams and they have more poise than my seniors. I'm not worried about them."

In the Skyline Conference, Wyoming's untitled meal ticket—Tailback Jim Crawford—once again carried the Cowboys on his back, tagging the ball for 176 yards to bring his team from behind for a 27-15 victory over Kansas State. Wyoming trailed 9-4 at the half and appeared to be headed for their first loss until Crawford slashed through for a touchdown in the final period and then set up another. He now leads the country in rushing with 788 yards.

It was the seventh straight for Wyoming. Now their chief remaining threat to a Skyline championship comes this weekend from peppy Utah State and its bobbing halfback, Jack Hill, who Saturday scored three touchdowns against Brigham Young to lead the country's scoring with 90 points. To tie Wyoming for the title, once-beaten Utah State will have to trip the Cowboys this weekend, no small job in itself, and follow with a win over Utah—not much easier.

In the Rocky Mountain Conference, beefy Montana State (they have three tackles who weigh 335 pounds) clinched the championship Saturday by trouncing Western State 18-13. Western State's dandy Bill Rhodes, touted by the pros as the best back in this part of the country, was hurt and sidelined most of the game. Montana State now has a 7-0 record, is rated one of the best teams in conference history and is squaring to get at archrival Montana University in what is always a gridiron bonanza.

—ROBERT ARMSTRONG

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games of
Saturday, Nov. 3

■ **Minnesota vs. Pittsburgh.** Proud warriors in football's past again approach playoffs. Power against power. Both may be level-headed. MINNESOTA.

■ **Texas A&M vs. Arkansas.** Porkers paroled! Ole Miss, could do more to Aggies, but Bear Bryant was born in them these hills, won't buy wooden nails from his kinfolks. TEXAS A&M.

■ **UCLA vs. Stanford.** Depleted and de-frocked, the Bruins finally met defeat in PCC play. Indians invade the South for second blood battle after trouncing Trojans. Plan to return again . . . to Pasadena next trip. STANFORD.

■ **Iowa vs. Michigan.** Wolverines waylaid last week. Hawkeyes undefeated, untied and as yet untied. The home-swing may be over. MICHIGAN.

■ **State vs. Georgia Tech.** Devils disappointing. Yellow Jackets, morning an untouchable machine, are ripe for the upset. Still . . . GEORGIA TECH.

■ **Syracuse vs. Penn State.** Two of the East's finest. Jim Brown best back for Orangemen in years, but Mickey Lyons better all around. PENN STATE.

■ **Gleason vs. Virginia Tech.** After early season loss to Tulane, Tech has won five in a row. Tigers undefeated. Lead ACC. Movement to Miami for Orange Bowl being planned. GLEASON.

■ **Oregon State vs. Washington.** Huskies, conquerors of Illinois, who beat Michigan State, who stomped Stanford—and away we go—meet the bowl-hungry Beavers whose last Rose Bowl appearance, believe it or not, was at Durham, N.C. on Jan. 1, 1942. May play in Pasadena this time. OREGON STATE.

ALSO:

Army over Colgate
Oklahoma over Colorado
Noble Game over Navy (TV—East)
Yale over Dartmouth
Florida over Auburn
Tennessee over North Carolina
Texas Christian over Baylor
Vanderbilt over Virginia
Michigan State over Wisconsin
Houston over Nebraska
Ohio State over Northwestern
Illinois over Purdue (TV—Midwest)
California over Oregon (TV—West)
Southern Methodist over Texas
Urbt over Washington State
Pittsburgh over Illinois
Tulane over Mississippi State

Last week's handouts:

16 right, 9 wrong

Record to date: 113-38-5



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THE PROS

by **TEX MAULE**

THE FIRST HALF

A curious parallel exists in professional football as the 12 teams settle into the strong pull down the last half of the season. In both the Eastern and Western divisions last year's downtrodden have become the ruling class and driven their former masters from the temple. The Cleveland Browns, who seemed to have invented a formula for football invincibility, have suddenly fallen on evil days now that Quarterback Otto Graham has at last turned in his uniform. The Chicago Cardinals and the New York Giants, whose veteran quarterbacks have assumed new luster with the help of sound and significant additions in all departments, have moved strongly into the hole left by the demise of the Browns. In the West, the champion Los Angeles Rams, beautifully endowed with the size and strength and speed required of a great pro team have, inexplicably, come unglued. A and combination of costly and frequent fumbles and a surprisingly inept defense has already wrecked the Rams' title pretensions. So now Detroit's Lions and the Chicago Bears each reactivated by an infusion of fresh and dangerous young running backs—are headed for two late season games against one another. These are the games that should decide the division title.

As the NFL moved into the sixth week of its season, the teams looked like this: The New York Giants stopped the Philadelphia Eagles cold 20-0. Scott Stevenson, who spent 12 years until 1943 as head coach of the Giants, returned to New York last week as an assistant coach on the Eagles' staff, where he is employed mainly for his defensive genius. On his first homecoming Sunday, Steve found that the best planned defense is unlikely to hamper the running of backs like Frank Gifford, Alex Webster and Mel Triplett for four full quarters.

The Chicago Cardinals took their first defeat of the season from the Washington Redskins 17-14. The Redskins have begun to move in the last two weeks, largely on the development of Quarterback Al Dornow into a competent, mobile pro. Then, too, the Cardinals' split-T offense—something of a novelty in pro ball—has been on display for five weeks, and the problems it poses for the defense are being solved.

The Pittsburgh Steelers, called backstabbed by Coach Walter Kirsch after their loss to New York last week, looked quite the opposite in their 24-10 win over the Cleveland Browns. The lions scored twice in the first three minutes—on a long pass and a pass interference—but the warring Brown defense could not contain Pittsburgh passing force. The Steelers grabbed three touchdowns in the second quarter, largely on the throwing of acrobatic Ted Marchbanks, the Steelers' small but remarkable quarterback. The loss was Cleveland's fourth and, for the first time since this

team was organized, it will fall to win even a division championship—unless, of course, reversals begin to happen.

EASTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	4	1	0	.800	Redskins	2	3	0	.400
Cardinals	4	1	0	.800	Eagles	2	3	0	.400
Steelers	3	3	0	.500	Browns	1	4	0	.200

The Chicago Bears retained their running power and the passing artillery of Ed Brown, wisely in closing the San Francisco 49ers 28-21. The victory was achieved on the thrumming running of 225-pound Fullback Dick Casares, who scored four touchdowns, and the nearly impossible-to-stop passing combination of Brown and End Harold HILL, who may well be the best receiver in the league. The Bear offense is beautifully balanced with Casares' power, the newly polished passing of Brown and the great speed of Healey Halfback Perry Jeter to the outside. The 49ers could not cope with this multiplicity of weapons, and San Francisco Owner Tony Morabito took the loss with his usual lack of grace. After the game, Morabito scolded off as follows: "The officials were no more competent than the commissioner who appoints them—and that's very incompetent. The officials were the cause of the loss of nothing." (A pass interference penalty against the 49ers led to one Bear touchdown.) Morabito finally admitted, however, that the Bears have a "helluva ball club" and won on their merits. Sid Hart Bell, the National Football League commissioner: "I think the officials are very competent and they have the toughest job in the world." He returned a soft answer to Morabito's complaints against him: "... I have no resentment against Morabito about it at all. In fact, I like him."

The Detroit Lions remained the only undefeated team in both leagues by whipping the Los Angeles Rams 18-7 before 18,788 fans. The victory was the handwork, again, of the elderly but incredibly capable and versatile quarterback, Bobby Layne. Layne completed 11 of 18 passes for 177 yards, kicked two field goals and a point after touchdowns and also scored a touchdown.

The Baltimore Colts, supposedly hampered by the loss of injured Quarterback George Shaw, still beat the Green Bay Packers 28-21. Healey Halfback Lenore Moore—who is a good bet for rookie of the year—logged 72 and 78 yards for touchdowns, while John Usher, erstwhile University of Louisville quarterback substituting for Shaw, scored for two points. The Colts, who are much calmer as any team in the division, are not out of it yet.

WESTERN DIVISION

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Lions	3	0	0	1.000	Colts	2	3	0	.400
Bears	4	1	0	.800	Packers	1	4	0	.200
Packers	2	3	0	.400	Rams	1	4	0	.200



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JOHN MATTHEWS' 12-METER "VERM," BUILT FOR HAROLD S. VANDERBILT (SEE PAGE 150), MAY BE WENT TO DEFEND AMERICA'S CUP

1956: YEAR OF CHANGE

New faces, new ideas gave class
boat sailing a fresh look this year

by EZRA BOWEN

Class boats made exciting news over the past season. First there was the New York Yacht Club's court petition to change the deed of gift for the famous America's Cup to allow classes smaller than the huge J boats to sail for it—possibly classes like the 12-meter (above), some 50 feet shorter than the traditional J's. Second was the number of unusual new sailing designs that appeared around the nation. Finally there were the new winners of the North American trophies and the winners of major international, national and regional class boat championships.

ON FOLLOWING PAGES ARE THREE FRESH IDEAS
IN DESIGN PLUS THE CLASS BOAT WINNERS

FLYING DUTCHMAN

One of the most fascinating of the new planing hulls is the Flying Dutchman, a European design only three years old yet numbering more than 400 boats. The Dutchman has a clean, ribless plywood or fiber glass construction, and will hit speeds of 25 mph or more when she rises out of water and planes. Her cockpit provides racing quarters for two men or wide-open comfort for a five- or six-man pleasure sail. Included in the racing rig is a wild-looking trapeze, a belt and wire arrangement slung from the top of the mast which makes it possible for the crewman to dangle far over the windward side (right), doubling his efficiency for keeping the boat on an even keel where she sails the fastest.



Length: 15 ft. 10 in.

Beam: 5 ft. 7 in.

Designer: B. van Esen,
Dussan, Holland

Racing sails: masted,

pk. genoa, spinnaker

Wght.: 374 lbs.

Cost: \$1,400-\$2,100

Length: 11 ft. 2 in.

Beam: 4 ft. 7 in.

Wght.: 140 lbs.

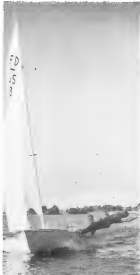
Cost complete: \$435

Kit minus sail: \$185

Masted (lacrory): \$75

Designer: Harold Gander,
South Plains, Fla.





DRAWINGS BY JACK KINGS

NEWPORTER

The brand-new Newporter has a massive doghouse and an engine which gives her a seven-knot cruising speed—facts which have caused her to be brushed off by some diehards as an out-and-out motor sailor. She isn't. She has a low handling rating and her top sailing speed approaches nine knots. Primarily, however, she is practical and comfortable, with 6-foot 4-inch overhead throughout, a cockpit that can seat 10, enough sail to be interesting and enough power to get in fact when the wind flaps out. Finally, she has an unusually low price tag that includes choice of three rigs—Marconi ketch (shown), gaff ketch or Marconi sloop.

Length: 40 ft.

Beam: 13 ft.

Cost complete: \$17,500

Designer: C. E. Arklesman,
Cady Mess, Calif.



↑ PELICAN

The Pelican (left) is the goldchild of the boating widows of Miami whose husbands left them sitting on the dock during the weekend. Fed up with spending their time ashore, the women shopped around for a small, simple boat for themselves. Harold Glusker, South Miami boat builder, responded with the Pelican. Small and light, with a minimum of running gear, the Pelican is as easy to handle as any boat afloat. She races well with two aboard, but is heavy enough to hold four adults for an afternoon sail. Her speed is a breeze at about five knots, and in heavy winds she can skim along at better than seven. Best of all, with her fat, flat-ended design, she can stand up in winds over 30 knots. The ladies, however, are still having trouble. On more than one weekend, the husbands have diverted their big boats to race in the sporty Pelicans, leaving the wives once again on the dock.



CUP CHAMPIONS



MALCOLM CUP was won by Ted Hood, 24-year-old sailmaker who lives in Marblehead, Mass.



ADAMS CUP went to Transcendence which was headed by Mrs. Hal Lettimore of Port Worth Boat Club.



CLARK CUP winner was Transcendence's 17-year-old Alan Holt, who took up sailing only three years ago.



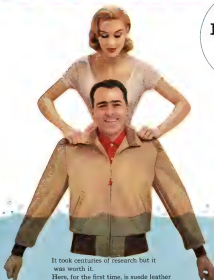
MORRIS TROPHY was won by high-scoring Jim George and the Navy team when Brown U. team finished.

CLASS CHAMPIONS

CLASS	REGATTA	WINNER	CLASS	REGATTA	WINNER
Total boats	Where held	Home town	Total boats	Where held	Home town
A Boom			Leisure Dory		
23	Inland Lakes YA	Billy Granow	400	National	Frederick Miller
	Oakbrook, Wis.	Lake Geneva, Wis.		Newpt. Hbr., Cal.	Pasadena, Calif.
Atlantic			Lightning		
18	National	Hayt Perry Jr.	4,000	International	William Cox
	Southport, Conn.	New York		Buffalo	Darien, Conn.
Berlin Cal			Lodges 18		
1,300	National	Charles Clark	300	International	Shelby Friedrichs
	Edgemoor, Ill.	Middleboro, Mass.		Greenwich, Conn.	New Orleans
Blanchard			Moth		
10	Seattle first season	Ed Kerthard	1,000	International	Don Lapp
	Seattle	Seattle		Miami	Miami
Blue Bay			National One-Design		
470	American YC Open	Edith Beck	800	National	John Christensen
	Rye, N.Y.	Rye Bay, N.Y.		Eagle Lake, Mich.	Milwaukee
Comet			010		
8000	International	Wayne Diller	010	International	Mal. MacNaught
	Port Clinton, Ohio	Stone Harbor, N.J.		W.R., Mass.	Wingham, Mass.
C Boom			PD		
100	Inland Lakes YA	Dwight Wustoh	10	National	Dick Deaver
	Oakbrook, Wis.	Lee's Summit, Mo.		Alamitos Bay, Cal.	Newpt. Beach, Cal.
Dragon			Pelican		
1,200	Int. Gold Cup	Thorold Warner	10	National	Forrest Lee
	Edinburgh, Scotland	Dunbar		Miami	Miami
D Boom			Penguin		
00	Inland Lakes YA	Tom Dyer	1,000	National	Bob Smith
	Oakbrook, Wis.	Muncie, Ind.		Biloxi, Miss.	Chicago
E Boom			Raven		
100	Inland Lakes YA	Buddy Helges	300	National	Robert Polhemus
	Oakbrook, Wis.	Zenda, Wis.		Oyster Bay, N.Y.	Noroton, Conn.
El Toro			Shelby		
800	L. Morris Regatta	Donald Peattie	1,000	National	Ludwig Frenette
	Oakland, Calif.	Oakland, Calif.		Tahiti	Tahiti
Finley			Shadow Banders		
1,400	North American	George O'Day	010	National	Bob Fox
	Marblehead, Mass.	Boston		Tahiti	Tahiti
G.3-meter			Sabot		
10	National	Robert Chaves	010	National	Earl Elms
	Larchmont, N.Y.	Philadelphia		Alamitos Bay, Cal.	San Diego, Calif.
Fish			Se-jawier		
100	Lipton Cup	Mable YC team	10	North American	Bill Goodrich
	Bikal, Miss.	Mable, Ala.		Oyster Bay, N.Y.	Toronto, Ont.
Flying Dutchman			Seige		
400	World	Roll Mutha	10,000	National	Clark King
	Munich, Germany	Hamburg, Ger.		Alamitos Bay, Cal.	Los Angeles
Hampton G-0			Seawind		
010	National	Robert Harrell	010	National	John Haskell
	Annapolis, Md.	Norfolk, Va.		Newpt. Hbr., Cal.	Lido Isle, Calif.
Highlander			Star		
010	National	Ray McLeod	1,000	World	Agostino Sestini
	Duxbury, Mass.	Falmouth, Ohio		Naples, Italy	Toronto, Italy
Int. One-Design			Thistle		
300	Fleet Season	Ben Mosbacher	100	National	Gordon Douglas
	L.I. Sound, N.Y.	New York		Mentor, Ohio	Mentor, Ohio
International Flotilla			Transatlant		
010	World	John Williams	010	Race Week	Deborah Mallon
	Portland, Ore.	Portland, Ore.		Marblehead, Mass.	Charlestown, Mass.
International 14			010		
1,000	Prince of Wales Cup	David Thomas	100	National	F. Gregg Beers
	Weymouth, Eng.	Oxford, England		Marblehead, Mass.	Cohasset, Mass.
Jet 01			Wood Pecko		
010	National	Norman Applegate	1,000	National	Herb Blake
	Island Hbr., N.J.	Lansdowne, N.J.		E. Rockaway, N.Y.	Roslyn, Conn.
Jolly Boat			V-Tiger		
010	New England	A. Glanbrook	010	International	Bill Berry
	Marblehead, Mass.	Quincy, Mass.		Athens	Athens
K-10			Zeigler		
010	National	Peggy Slater	010	Fleet Season	William Shaw
	Newpt. Hbr., Cal.	San Diego, Calif.		San Francisco	Oakland, Calif.

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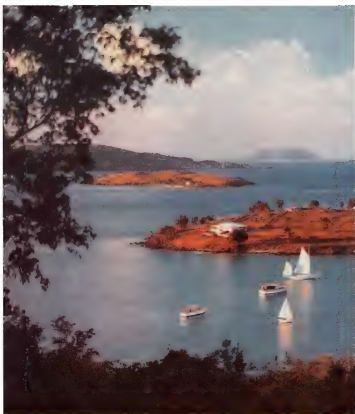
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THE FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

SUNNY ST. JOHN

Our newest national park is a Caribbean isle brimful of breadfruit, beaches and birdsong—a paradise for skin-divers, fishermen and seekers of peace

by HORACE SUTTON



THERE ISN'T an untethered bear within a thousand miles of the nation's newest national park. Nor is there a mountain peak frosted with the sugar of high snow. Geysers don't spray the air every hour, and neither deer nor antelope play. For the newest federal playground is two-thirds of the island of St. John, a tropical outpost

nine miles long and five miles wide in the sun-seeped Caribbean.

Here in the American Virgin Islands, is an enclave of pleasure reachable only by boat, no giant blue spruces scrape the sky, no waterfalls rumble into gorges the way they do in the traditional national parks of the West. But the late spring down here litters

the road with mangos. Fig trees grove and omanon bays, and mockingbirds flit into the shrieking red of the flamboyants. Red-bark turpentine trees run along the shore fences, and green pods the size of cucumbers hang from the great silk-cotton trees. The weather averages 78°, never going more than

continued



FISHING OFF BIKER is a unique sport in the nation's 29th national park. Offshore, the turquoise waters yield dolphins, tuna and sail. The park's land was acquired by Laurence Rockefeller, then given to the Government for public use.

RIDING ON BEACHES which ring the tiny island, visitors disport themselves between the sea and countryside dotted with ruins of Danish sugar plantations. A scant nine miles long, St. John can be reached only by boat from St. Thomas.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID L. SMITH



ST. JOHN

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six degrees this way or that. There are a score or more of white sand beaches, and out in the deep of the turquoise sea there are sail and tarpon, kingfish and dolphins, and, as well, many a madcap day.

This idyllic preserve, so different from any other federal playground, lies equine in the sun, some 1,400 miles from New York, 1,000 miles south and east of Miami, and 40 miles from Puerto Rico. Coming down from Manhattan on an Eastern Airlines Constellation, it is about a six-hour trip to San Juan, then another half hour on the local airline to St. Thomas. Both St. Thomas and St. Croix, two of the three Virginas was bought from Denmark in 1917, but can be reached by air, and they hum with hotels, villas and tourists. St. John, the third Virgin, is still a primitive place, with a total population of 746. The municipality to permit a level space for an airfield, it is separated from civilization by Pillsbury Sound, a four-mile moat that is breached by launch service from Red Hook Landing on St. Thomas.

The launch arrives, in 30 minutes, at St. John's most ambitious resort, the Caneel Bay Plantation, once the private pleasure ground of the Danish West India Co. It was bought in 1932 by Laurence Rockefeller (third son of John D. Jr.), who has since spent about \$4 million and much of his energy on St. The result is one of the handsomest beach resorts in the world.

All told, Caneel has 16 beaches, enough in fact to set aside two for guests who live in the 34 beach-front rooms, two for those who rent the private cottages, and one for trippers who come over from the neighboring islands for a day's outing. At \$38 to \$46 a day at Caneel, a couple can live snug from the rigors of winter in a sea-grape-shaded, porch-equipped, Danish-decorated, cement bungalow. Stepping down from the porch will put the vacationist right on the beach, and from there it is but a short dozen steps over the fine white sand into the Peland Water sea.

When Rockefeller first put his yacht into St. John back in 1932, Caneel Bay was hardly the oasis beside shelter his millions have since made it. Having passed through many hands, the bay-bordered plantation was up for sale by the Rhode Island Charles Trust. Says Laurence, "I was brought up on good scenery. We bought Caneel Bay because it was beautiful and it was

relatively a bargain. We bought something that was good not knowing how good it was."

The Rockefellers, who had been gypsy sailors in the Bahamas and the Caribbean for half a decade, now began dropping anchor at Caneel three or four times a year. During a visit in 1954 Laurence found a precursor report exploring the possibility of a federal preserve in the Virginas. With the blessing of national park administrators, he decided to underwrite the idea. When he had bought 3,000 acres, or about half of the whole island of St. John, he offered it to the nation as a national park, keeping his Caneel Bay place as a private resort. The offer was accepted this year, and the island park will be officially turned over to the Government on Dec. 1.

Aside from Rockefeller's own resort, which will be run on a nonprofit basis, visitors to the national park can also put up at Trunk Bay, an informal, rustic retreat long known to writers and movie and theater people. The main house at Trunk Bay, which has five bedrooms with share baths, stands on an elevation looking down on a magnificent strand of white sand that rims the Atlantic for 1,500 feet. There is, as well, a cottage with two double rooms, each with bath. From now until April 30 rates run about \$75 a week per person or \$140 for two.

Mrs. Boston, who operates the refuge at Trunk Bay, makes exotic use of what grows naturally and locally, squeezing jelly out of sea grapes, jam out of lime peels and making a sort of tropical salicy out of coconut sprouts. When the Mrs. Trunk Bay's twin-engine cruiser, goes out on charter the hotel guests dine that night on whatever she happens to bring home—tuna, Spanish mackerel, kingfish, bonito or yellowtail.

St. John is administered from the metropolis of Cruz Bay. A pathway lined with yellow cedar leads to the administration building, built on the foundations of an old fort, and roosters and ducks, crowing and quacking, amble contentedly around the ancient ramparts which also enclose the post office and the jail. A mystery writer named Richard Ellington rents a few cottages out on Gallows Point, an old but forgotten name for an arm of Cruz Bay which Ellington with some glow has revived. The social life of the Gallows Point resort centers around a bar built of rinder blocks and decorated with newspaper clippings of the blizzards falling up north. Guests drop ashore into old coconut shells and summon Mr. Ellington with a ring of a ship's bell. He dispenses not only drinks but autographed copies of his works. Cottages rent for anywhere from \$50 to \$150 a week in season, depending upon size, and meals and cocktails are available at prices that would tempt a New York matron to break the lease and emigrate forthwith.

A young emigré named Ron Moerhaide, who lives on St. John with his blonde wife, once a New York model, has plans for taking visitors on overnight sailing excursions to Virgin Gorda. He will use a Toriella sloop, a 30-foot craft rigged as a cutter. On the island, Moerhaide will build adobe huts, an Indian shelter made of woven branches, thatched with palm or guinea grass and set on a concrete slab. Native lobster or which lobster will turn on a charcoal spit tended by Ivan Danielsen-Jacobs, a former Holabak team who escaped Stalin and the Soviet winter and is now the Caneel Bay blacksmith. Hearings Russian-accented West Indian cypresses while accompanying himself on the balalaika.

continued on next page



Aside from swimming, sunbathing, shell-fishing, snorkeling and cruising the waters for fish, there is little to do on St. John save explore the relics of its island days under the Danes. Explorers can move by horse, burro or jeep, either taking a hot lunch from a resort or stopping for provisions at the Caneel Bay commissary. The local rum there sells for 96c a fifth, which is somewhat less than the cost of the mixings.

Of the 148 Danish sugar plantations, most are buried ruins, unvisited for 70 years. Old muskets and iron chests are continually being excavated by gardeners, and the mounds that puff yeastily around Cruz Bay are said to hold relics of the Arawak Indians, a gentle race that smoked nose pipes, reclined in hammocks, developed a breed of hairless dog and let their women do most of the work. The Arawaks were conquered by the Caribs who came to St. John from the Orinoco and passed the time by wrestling sharks, ripping them neatly up the belly with a hardwood knife.

ARAWAK AND MOHAWK DOLLS

The richest plantation was at Reef Bay on the Caribbean side of the island. The planters grew cotton in the valley, sugar cane in the hills, but all that grows now is lacy yellow "Pride of Barbados" and wild lime trees. From Reef Bay it is a 20-minute walk to a glen where Arawaks carved the rocks with man-in-the-moon heads and phallic symbols. The pathway is strewn with Brazil nuts, and catch-and-keep vines lie in camouflage to carry the traveler. Doves roost in the valley, the copper trees grow lean and long with a puff of green impaled on top, and white butterflies flutter around the painkiller trees.

High up in the Bordeaux Mountains it is cool and peaceful at Picture Point where the elevation is 1,286 feet and the view looks down to Coral Bay with its three "hurricane holes" where Sir Francis Drake sheltered his ships and called it a "good rede." The Danish fort which protected the bay is a tangle of weeds, and all that remains are the ramparts and the account of the slaves who overthrew it in 1733 and began the domain of the Danes in the Caribbean. This and the turpentine trees and the tarpon, the blinding white beaches and the quiet, the Danish days, the mus-grape jelly and the doves mourning in the valley—all this is National Park No. 23.

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sure of finding the new model that's right for you and your family . . . at the right price, too! Remember! This is the only season of the year that the completely new Trojan line is ~~available~~ available!



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THE VANDERBILT STORY: PART IV



RELAXED IN A FAVORITE FORESTALL, HAROLD G. VANDERBILT IS PHOTOGRAPHED IN HIS VIRGINIA HOME BY JEFF PRESSLEY

HOUSE OF CARDS

Whist, bridge and a cruise; Vanderbilt invents contract; the game sweeps the world; great tournaments and winning hands; life at home

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

HAROLD VANDERBILT is now 72—an age most people associate with retirement. But the doctrine of the easy and relaxed life seemingly is not one which he understands. It would not be hard for Vanderbilt to retire to a world of pleasant memories. Many of the rooms of his Virginia residence and his Florida home near Palm Beach are decorated with cups, framed photographs and paintings of yachts—so many of them that it would seem hard to escape the past. But to watch Vanderbilt stalk by them, to note his lack of interest in them is to guess that the memorabilia are mere decoration rather than the personal record of a great sporting career. Vanderbilt's dedication is to the present

—and he continues to live each day with amazing vigor.

His day starts early and with typical intensity. He rises, rolls a mat out full length beside his bed, and on it performs a half-hour series of yoga exercises. Vanderbilt's exercises begin simply enough with controlled breathing but continue through to such awesome backbreakers as balancing on the base of his spine with legs outstretched and occasionally to standing on his head for minutes at a time, until finally he topples over, rolls up the mat and proceeds to the first of his day's exertions. This over, he sits down to a frugal breakfast of prunes, a strawlike dry cereal and yogurt. He has

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VANDERBILT STORY

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been on this morning diet, which he dislikes but believes best for his health, for over 20 years. The exercises have been almost a daily habit since 1890 when he was introduced to them by a yogi who killed himself as the Great One. The Great One tried but he couldn't get Vanderbilt to study the more advanced mental considerations of yoga and had to be content with having one of his disciples teach Vanderbilt the physical aspects.

Physical fitness is an essential doctrine in Vanderbilt's life. Minutes after his J boats moored following a race, Vanderbilt would invariably head for Newport, there to exercise in the fading afternoon light on the tennis courts at the Casino. His yoga mat was always with him aboard his motor yacht Vero. He enjoys getting his friends to do the physical exercises, but few of them—even such athletically inclined companions as Red Stephens, Vanderbilt's afterguardman aboard the Cup defender *Ranger*—take more than one or two turns on the mat. Stephens used to rise at a startling hour to leave Vero and putter around *Ranger*, a handy excuse for escaping the rigors of yoga.

Following breakfast Vanderbilt sits down to his business affairs until high noon, when the Florida sun outside is at its blazing height. He then dresses in white short-sleeved floppy white hat and strides down to his tennis court through gardens breathless in the heat. As his wife says: "Only mad dogs, Englishmen and Vanderbilts go out in the noonday sun."

To watch Vanderbilt play is to see in its most marked form the intense concentration he gives his yachting, his bridge, indeed any undertaking. His mind is completely absorbed in the game. He awaits service balanced on his toes, leaning slightly forward, his body moving in a slight, cobra-like motion, seemingly deploring the delay before he can leap forward to hit the ball. Left-handed, his wrists stired with the colorful handkerchiefs he uses as sweat bands, he plays an effective game, hitting looping lobs which keep his opponents well back toward the green canvas-covered backstop.

He plays as many as three sets before taking another swim. For the water he affects a gray bathing cap and sun-plugs, and, disdaining the steps of his pool, he dives in, hacking out "brap!" in mid-flight. Occasionally, the "brap!" somewhat louder, he goes off the high board, some 12 feet above the water.

Lunch is held by the pool, an informal buffet, with Vanderbilt sitting at the head of the table swathed in a blue beach robe. Guests are usually friends of the Vanderbilts who live nearby. Often, though, particularly during an annual institution known as Bridge Week, the guests are bridge players—the best bridge players in the country. Lunch concluded—and no bridge player can remember a departure from the ritual—Vanderbilt stands and says, "Well, now . . . how about a digestive rubber or two?" The chairs scrape back and the bridge players head for the living room and its picture-window view of the Gulf Stream. There they will remain until 5 in the evening, when they take time out for a swim, dinner and then return to the tables where they stay long into the night.

BRIDGE is for many a form of relaxation; but this is not a term one would associate with Vanderbilt's type of play. The small armchairs quartered around the bridge table have been recovered four times since the yearly invitations to Bridge Week started in 1898, an attrition caused mainly by long hours of play, and more particularly by the wearing action of the so-called "equipment"—players whose agony of concentration manifests itself in the creek and away of the furniture. Almost all the great players have at one time in their careers journeyed either up from Miami or down from the north to participate in Bridge Week. They enjoy the hospitality of not only one of the best bridge minds in the country, but of the originator of the card game itself. Though it is a title he abhors, Vanderbilt is, as the press often described him in the '30s, the "father of contract bridge."

The game was devised one autumn evening in 1825 aboard the liner *Finland* on a cruise from San Francisco to Havana. Three friends were traveling with Vanderbilt—Dudley L. Pickman, a Boston lawyer, Francis M. Bacon, a New York broker, and Frederick S. Allen, a longtime resident of Paris. Together the four sat down and played the first game of contract—scored almost precisely as it is today, and now played, according to the most recent survey of the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers, by an estimated 32 million people in the United States alone.

Vanderbilt is a strong booster of contract bridge, but the personal procreant never seems to creep into his praise of the game. Even his own bidding system, popularly called the Vanderbilt

convention, he has always referred to as the club convention—modesty of a type which makes it no surprise that the majority of the bridge-playing millions are not aware that Vanderbilt contributed the game they play.

It is true, of course, that contract bridge did not spring into being. *Athena-like*, from the head of Vanderbilt, he played many hours at the card games which are the forebears of contract: auction bridge, bridge whist and whist—the latter the farthest removed from contract but itself the forerunner of derivative four-handed contract card games in which a trump is selected and victory depends on the number of tricks won in play.

Whist—and it was so titled, the legend goes, from the practice of hining out "whist" to call for silence in 17th century cardrooms—was played as follows: as in contract the dealer distributed 32 cards equally among the four players, turning up the last card to determine trump. There was no bidding, no dummy, no no-trump. Though considerable ingenuity could ferret out the lie of the cards, the outcome of the game depended largely on luck.

Whist was a popular game, though, widely played not only in England but throughout the Continent. In fact, it was somewhere on the Continent that further variations led to a game known as bridge. Some historians say that bridge was originally played in Istanbul, Turkey by the Russian colony there. In any case, judging from one familiar story, it was from the Mediterranean that the game of bridge was brought to England. A certain Lord Brougham, visiting in Calcutta, was introduced to a derivative of whist which, he was informed, was called bridge. The differences between the whist he knew and the new game were several. The last card was no longer turned up. Instead, the dealer, after inspecting his hand, named the trump or no-trump, or, if his hand was unsuitable to do either, he would say, "Partner, I leave it to you"—"bridging" the decision across the table (which is, of course, the precise version of the origin of the game's name). If his partner could find no suitable bid, he would say, "I make it a spade," the cheapest declaration, and one that was usually doubted. The dealer always played the hand, and, after the opening lead, his partner became dummy. In the scoring, each trick above six that either side was counted toward the 30 points required for games: when spades were trump they counted two points, clubs four points, diamonds

six points, hearts eight points, royal spades (introduced in the late days of auction) nine points, and no-trump 12 points. Doubling was allowed, and, since there was no restriction on the number of redoubles until auction bridge was introduced, the trick score in a lost point game frequently mounted to awesome proportions.

Lord Brougham was delighted by the game, realising quickly that it required a mental skill not involved in whist. The story goes that he returned to London in the autumn of 1894, and one night joined a game of whist in the Portland Club, then a whist stronghold and now a world-famous center of contract bridge. To the consternation of the other players at the table, Lord Brougham, neglecting to turn up the last card on his deal to signify the trump, picked up his hand, peered into it and announced the trump. The other players must have thought Lord Brougham addleheaded from the Med-Sternessian sun. Whist was a game conducted in rigorous formality. Lord Brougham is supposed to have apologized profusely for his oversight and told the group that his mind was on another game—bridge, he told them it was called. The whist players were intrigued and when the rubber of whist was completed, Lord Brougham showed them how to play it. Bridge was almost certainly known in England before Lord Brougham's arrival from Calcutta, but his coming to the Portland brought it to widespread attention in whist circles. Within a few years bridge had supplanted whist in popularity.

When Vanderbilt was 15 he and his mother received their first bridge lessons from the noted expert Joseph Kivel. Kivel in later years was Vanderbilt's favorite auction bridge partner, until his murder on June 11, 1920, a mystery that was never solved. He was found slumped in an armchair in the living room of his New York apartment with a powder-stained bullet hole in his forehead. He was clad in pajamas and wrapper, and—an insult to his voracious vanity—wearing his toupee and false teeth.

The game in which Kivel partnered Vanderbilt

was called auction bridge. It succeeded bridge and was the predecessor of the game Vanderbilt introduced aboard the *Fisland* in 1925. The bridge historians are surprisingly in accord that auction bridge originated in India at a British post in the hill country. Three members of the British civil service were stationed there, with—to their despair—no fourth within 100 miles. The three—the names of two of them survive: a Mr. F. Roe and a Mr. Hudson—were avid bridge players, but although they tried all sorts of variations of three-handed bridge they never hit on anything which was completely satisfactory. Finally, one of them suggested that they bid as at an auction for the declaration of trump—thus giving each side, rather than simply the dealer, a chance to determine the final contract. They christened the game "auction bridge." Roe published a short treatise on the game in Allahabad in 1904 under the pseudonym "John Doe." The pamphlet found its way to England, and its innovations were adapted to four-handed bridge, first at the Bath Club in 1906, and then in the Portland Club in 1907.

The new game spread rapidly, submerging whist to a large extent, the old bridge completely, and continued

to enjoy popularity until 1925 and the cruise of the *Fisland*.

Auction bridge came to Vanderbilt's attention while he was attending the Harvard Law School in 1898. He became proficient at it almost immediately. Card games are almost second nature to him. Vanderbilt thinks that anyone possessed of normal intelligence can become a good cardplayer, but that the really good player—and he believes that the Mandellian law of inherited characteristics has much to do with it—must have some card sense born in him regardless of the diligent application he may give the game.

His own secrets and his card sense he attributes to an instinct and liking for cards that he has enjoyed since he was able to distinguish a jack from a queen. Card games absorbed him. As a boy he kept badgering his family's maids and gardeners for a game of dog-jack, or casino, or old maid, and later hearts. He kept at his cards through school, college and law school (both at Harvard University). By the time he moved to New York in 1910 to enter the law department of his family's New York Central Railroad, he had established a considerable reputation as an auction bridge player. Of course, there were some—mainly habitués of

the old Whist Club on West 36th Street in New York—who couldn't believe his reputation could hold up in expert play. In fact, when they heard there was a card-playing Vanderbilt, they rubbed their hands in delight and in anticipation of helping their pocketbooks. But they found to their sorrow that his reputation was well founded. "They used to play up regularly," Vanderbilt recalls with a grin.

As much as he enjoyed auction bridge and his success at it, Vanderbilt felt that the game could be more stimulating. The *Fisland* cruise gave him a chance to try out a game he had been mulling over in his mind for some years. He realized that auction bridge was defective chiefly in that, although it had introduced the excellent principle of competitive bidding between the two sides to determine the final contract, it had retained



ONE OF MANY VANDERBILT CARTOONS FROM THE BRIDGE PERIOD

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VANDERBILT STORY

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the bridge principle of scoring toward game all tricks was in excess of the contract. Vanderbilt had played the French card game played and recognized the merit of its greatest asset: having to bid game in order to make it. He decided to introduce this feature in his new game, and saw what a fascinating field it opened up in connection with slams—not as in auction scoring a slam bonus because the slam was made, but having to bid the slam and risk sacrificing a sure game in order to obtain the bonus.

Since the slam bonuses in auction were too small to make the risk of bidding a slam worthwhile, Vanderbilt changed the scoring system. He increased the slam bonus 20-fold, raised the game requirement from 30 to 100, and changed the trick values: no-trump at 35 points per trick, spades and hearts at 30 and diamonds and clubs at 20—the same as today except for the change in no-trump scoring. The premium for rubber was jacked up, and so were the penalties for undertricks. As for undertricks, Vanderbilt foresaw the necessity of protecting the underdog—the side that had lost the first game. He therefore kept that side's undertrick penalties low enough to enable it on occasion to save the rubber or a slam at a net fee excessive cost by outbidding the opponents. But Vanderbilt was at a loss to describe the partnership which was subject to higher penalties because it had won a game. It was aboard the *Pineleaf* that the descriptive word was supplied him—by a young girl whose name neither Vanderbilt nor his three friends can remember. From a card game she had once played (she couldn't remember its name) she offered the word—since used by millions daily—"vulnerable."

With his innovations in the bidding and scoring, Vanderbilt took the whist derivatives one step further away from the point where luck is predominant and into the realm of mental stimulation—toward the intellectual treat Vanderbilt and a great many other people believe well-played bridge to be. There were some in the early days of contract who thought that accurate bidding put such a premium on mental endeavor that the game was for experts alone. The 1929 *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, for example, describes contract bridge as "not a good game for a club cardroom . . . It is a game where happy coordination between two partners is very necessary . . . [something] not always

easily obtained in a club cardroom."

It was a criticism which was not generally accepted. Following the Pineleaf cruise Vanderbilt and his three friends casually introduced their intellectual treat to acquaintances along the eastern seaboard. The game seemed to catch on by itself. Within months it had monopolized card tables across the nation, and by 1927 the New York Whist Club's Card Committee, of which Vanderbilt was a member, published the first official *Law of Contract Bridge* and incorporated Vanderbilt's scoring schedule into them. Vanderbilt did comparatively little to boost the game he had invented. He wrote three short books—one of them sold some 11,400 copies—on his contract bridge and on his bidding convention (see opposite page), but he remained more or less in the background, in fact so much so that many bridge players associate contract bridge with the professional promoters who stepped in and made their fortunes and their reputations with publicity campaigns. Such men as Ely Culbertson, for example,

As unlike Vanderbilt as the colorful Sir Thomas Lipton of the Cup defender days (SI, Oct. 15), Culbertson was an enigmatic figure. Vanderbilt knew him and played bridge with him, but, like many Culbertson acquaintances, is at a loss to describe him. Culbertson had a remarkable career, rising from complete obscurity to a position where his name was practically synonymous with bridge itself. He started by capitalizing on the confusion of bidding systems in the early days of contract. In those days players bid by any method they pleased to arrive at game. A partial list of these systems—of which the Vanderbilt convention was one—would include such names as the Barton Club, The Eighteen System, The Acol System, The Window, the Joshua Crane Common Sense System, the Building System, Picture Echo Calling, the Carson-Roberts Stop-Ladder System, the Power Control System and others—all designed, of course, with varying success, to help their users bid accurately to the proper contract. Culbertson sat down with a deck of cards and, backed by his experience with the prevailing systems, devised his own, the Culbertson system, and set out with a vigor that would astound the best of today's publicity agents. His aim was to popularize it and make it the standard bidding system, and he put it to the first test in England. It had come to his attention that a British bridge expert had maligned the standard of play in

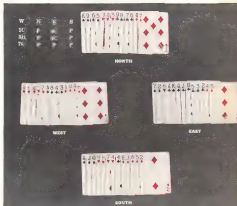
America. With typical sassiness Culbertson proclaimed himself the defender of American honor and challenged the British to a match. He put what little reputation he had on the line, and, as was to happen many times, his gamble paid off. He took his wife Josephine with him, and two young men who could play the Culbertson system—one of them Theodore Lightner and the other Waldemar von Zedtwitz, who was later Vanderbilt's partner in tournament play using Vanderbilt's club convention. Culbertson's team won handily against the British, by almost 1,000 points, and Culbertson came back to America a famous man. His *Blue Book* sold over a million copies; his syndicated columns appeared in hundreds of papers; he launched *The Bridge World* magazine, he founded the United States Bridge Association, the Crockford's Club, a number of schools from which teachers, after paying for their course, graduated with a diploma certifying them as qualified to teach the Culbertson system. From all of this, plus movie shorts, radio lessons, patented bridge accessories and endorsements, Culbertson made, by his own estimation, a yearly income often upwards of a half-million dollars.

Culbertson was remarkably frank about his propaganda methods. He once described them as follows before the Sales Executive Club of New York: "I have formed the greatest advertising and publicity organization in the world. I have sold bridge by appealing to the instincts of sex and fear and by false presentation of my own character and that of my wife. I am not the cocky, smart-alecky, conceited and ready-to-fight person I have tried to make the world believe. My wife is not the shy, diffident, cool, calculating woman I have tried to make the public believe. It is all a stunt to make the name Culbertson synonymous with contract bridge. First we had to build a system. That took six years. Then we had to sell the system. We appealed to women, to their natural inferiority complex. Bridge was an opportunity for them to gain intellectual parity with their husbands. We worked on their fear instincts. We made it almost tantamount to shame not to play contract. . . . I have sold bridge through sex—the game brought men and women together. I used the words 'feeding bid' and 'approach bid' because there is a connotation of sex to those. . . ."

Whatever people thought about his principles of exploitation, Culbertson made the nation bridge-conscious. Two extravagantly publicized challenges

A HAND PLAYED BY VANDERBILT SHOWS HIS CONVENTION IN ACTION

VANDERBILT, sitting West, dealt, and bid one club—the artificial bid from which his convention derives its name—to show a minimum of 3½ quick tricks. Neither opponent overbid. Any response other than one diamond is forcing to game, and if partner has two or more quick tricks he bids either one no-trump, one spade, one heart, two clubs or two diamonds. But if he has a solid suit (a minimum of five headed by the four top honors), he jumps in that suit to show it. Therefore his partner Van Zedwitz bid three clubs, and over Vanderbilt's normal three heart response he jumped again to five clubs, a definite slam invitation. Since Van Zedwitz had shown a superb club suit, at least eight, or perhaps only seven and a side king, it was Vanderbilt's turn to jump. He could count 13 tricks, five in his own hand and eight in his partner's, and, apprehensive that he might be unable to get to dummy unless clubs were trump and despite his void in that suit, he made the third successive jump bid in clubs, and played the hand (a laydown) at seven clubs without a trump in his hand, a situation which was, in many ways, unprecedented. In Vanderbilt's opinion, using any other system, it would be impossible to reach a seven-club contract except by guesswork.



matches—one against Sidney Lorn and Oswald Jacoby, which was billed as "The Card Battle of the Century" (31, Dec. 20, '64), and then against the brilliant husband-wife team of P. H. and Dorothy Sims—kept his name on front pages in a type size ordinarily reserved for earthquakes or the World Series. Players who barely knew enough to separate the jokers from the pack before dealing learned the Calbertson (quick tricks) count for hand evaluation, a system still well known though superseded to a large extent by the point system popularized by Charles H. Goren (four points for aces, three for kings, two for queens, one for jacks).

Vanderbilt never challenged Calbertson publicly with his own club convention. But he played Calbertson a number of times, and in 1937, with Baron Von Zedwitz as his partner and paired with the team of Oswald Jacoby and David Bernstein, he defeated the Calbertsons and their teammates—then self-styled world champions—by over 6,000 points in a single evening team-of-four duplicate match.

The club (or Vanderbilt) convention is not often played today. Vanderbilt is convinced of its qualities and toys with the idea of bringing out a book to

prove its value and bring it back into vogue. Despite claims by other experts that the careful bidding of the club convention can be blocked by prescriptive or jamming bids, Vanderbilt believes it to be the best and most accurate bidding route to game, and particularly to slam. "Memorize," he says of the criticism of his convention. "Any bidding system can be blocked by such bids." He has made a careful study of the hands played in last year's world championship to point out how often the Vanderbilt convention would have produced a better contract than the one actually reached.

VANDERBILT rarely gets a chance to play his convention unless, of course, he is playing with Von Zedwitz, who has been his regular partner in tournament play since 1939. Von Zedwitz was born in Germany, of an American mother and a German father. He served in the German cavalry in the First World War with a distinction for which he was decorated. But he hated the whole business, distrusted the unfolding political scenery of postwar Germany, and in the '20s came to this country. Vastly informed and widely traveled, he is working at present—

when he is not seated at a bridge table—on a dictionary.

As partners, Vanderbilt and Von Zedwitz are similar only in that they employ the Vanderbilt convention, and deliberate at great length over their cards, each of them, when the situation calls for it, going into what bridge players call a huddle—a silent and nerve-racking concentration which may continue for as many as five minutes. But there the similarity ends. Vanderbilt inspects his cards with the brooding melancholy of a cast-iron Indian, motionless in his chair, a momentary annoyance sometimes constricting his facial muscles into what his friends call his stench face, with only occasionally only his hand drifting up to stroke his chin. Von Zedwitz, on the other hand, is a squirrel—jiggling in his chair and on occasion leaping up from it to stalk about the room. Vanderbilt remembers him on one occasion parading up and down in front of the picture window at Palm Beach, looking out at the Gulf Stream for inspiration for perhaps five minutes to make a bid which he later considered the most important of the evening. The bid: "Pass."

In the old days the baron's most

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VANDERBILT STORY

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characteristic peculiarity was a constant and ferocious tugging at his ear lobes—a habit he was broken of by a friend who warned him a malignant growth might result. Von Zedtwitz has since shifted the point of attack to his large mop of white hair, darting his long pale fingers into it, twisting, kneading, knitting almost, as in the concentration of his play he remains completely unconscious of his surroundings. Vanderbilt recalls that some springs ago in Hollywood, Florida, a waiter spilled an entire pitcher of water over Von Zedtwitz during tournament play with no apparent reaction that Vanderbilt, or the waiter, or anybody else there could note. "Well, he was in a huddle," Vanderbilt says matter-of-factly.

"A partnership is never better than its worst member," is an old bridge adage, and a good one. Vanderbilt and Von Zedtwitz have proved themselves a happy combination—their most notable achievements being the winning of the Vanderbilt Cup for the knockout team-of-four national championship in 1932 (the other members of their team were P. H. Sims and Wilward S. Karn), in 1949 winning it with Edward Hymes Jr., Charles S. Lochridge and Robert McPherson.

The Vanderbilt Cup is an open duplicate tournament for teams of four or five players. Eight teams are seeded. After two qualifying sessions, the remaining 34 (formerly 32) teams play knockout matches, as in a tennis tournament, to determine the winner. A pair of one team plays against a pair of the other team at each of the two tables. The same hands are played at both tables but in reversed positions; for example, if a pair of one team bids and makes a slam in spades at the first table, the pair of the other team at the second table will have an opportunity to recoup their loss by bidding the same slam later, thus offering the best possible gauge of relative skill. If the pair at the second table fails to make the slam after bidding it, there occurs what bridge players call a "sawing"—a difference of points scored on the same hand.

One such sawing occurred in what was perhaps the most famous hand in Vanderbilt's 1932 victory for the Vanderbilt Cup. It happened in the quarter-final round, one of the most publicized hands in the entire history of tournament bridge, a hand full of drama and the one which built Baron Von

Zedtwitz's favorite (see opposite page).

The Vanderbilt group was playing against a team captained by Mrs. Ely Culbertson. Mrs. Culbertson and her partner, Mr. Husko, had long finished playing against P. H. Sims and Wilward Karn, the other members of the Vanderbilt team. All of them were piling up and down the Elks-Carlton ballroom waiting for the Vanderbilt-Von Zedtwitz table to finish. Finally, as the last board was placed down, the official scorekeeper announced: "One heard to go, Mrs. Culbertson's team leads by 214 points."

When Mrs. Culbertson and Mr. Husko had played the hand, they had arrived at a contract of four spades and had been set two tricks, not vulnerable, or 100 points, by Sims and Karn. It seemed an impossible situation for the Vanderbilt team. Sims, a big burly man built like a football tackle, muttered that the jig was up as he stride heavily around the ballroom, looking up from time to time to see Vanderbilt and Von Zedtwitz brooding over their cards. The suspense was increased by the fact that no kibitzers were allowed. Only one man was privileged to watch the players—the tournament director Alfred M. Gruenther, then a lieutenant, now the chief of NATO, and in bridge circles renowned as the dean of tournament directing. It was from Gruenther that the crowd had to await news of the progress of the match, and his next bulletin was electrifying. He announced that Von Zedtwitz had the contract at five diamonds.

P. H. Sims threw up his hands in despair. He had played the board in setting the Culbertson-Husko pair, and it seemed impossible to make five diamonds with the same cards that had resulted in a two-trick set at four spades. Frowning in front of his wife he said: "It can't be done. It's all over. They have to lose a spade, a heart, and..." Suddenly he grabbed a deck of cards, and with Mr. Culbertson, a crowd of players, kibitzers and reporters wedging him in as tightly against a bridge table that he could hardly manipulate the cards, Sims laid out the hands as he had remembered them (actually giving one too many trumps to the dummy). "He has a play for it," Sims whispered. "He has a play for five diamonds."

Vanderbilt was unaware of the suspense until, dummy on that last board, he walked across the ballroom to compare notes with his teammates. Informed of the dramatic circumstances

in which the hand was being played, he crept back to his seat. Three tricks had been played. The Baron had lost two, and was in a huddle—lost in concentration. Then suddenly he began to play his cards quickly and with authority, and with the announcement from Gruenther "the Baron makes five diamonds" the ballroom erupted into shouts better suited to the boxing arena. The crowd rushed for the bridge table. The cards were left in such a mess by the excited players that Gruenther had to call them back to straighten the hands out for proper recording. Mrs. Culbertson pushed through to congratulate Von Zedtwitz. For years he had been a member of the Culbertson team, making the journey to England that propelled the Culbertsons to fame. "As long as it was you, Wally," she said to Von Zedtwitz, "congratulations!"

Following their victory in the quarter-final round the Vanderbilt team went on to win the tournament, playing a brand of bridge that prompted Charles Lochridge, who played against them in the finals, to say: "In all my experience in playing in bridge tournaments I have never encountered such perfect cardplaying as was displayed by our adversaries. I think it can be safely said that during the entire 10 boards there was not a bad bid or play made by either Mr. Von Zedtwitz or Mr. Vanderbilt."

An average bridge partnership fortunate enough to play a rubber or so against Vanderbilt and Von Zedtwitz would not have the uncomfortable and disastrous experience they might expect in playing against an expert team—unless, say, taking on Gonzales and Segura in a tennis match. In fact, the bridge partnership might win a rubber or two, or even a number of them, depending on the luck of the cards; but in the process of play they would become increasingly aware of the vast weight of mental equipment brought to bear against them. By the time four tricks have been played an expert can come close to telling his opponents exactly what cards they hold. An expert's card memory is prodigious. P. H. Sims used to warn people who challenged him at gin rummy. "It wouldn't be an equal contest," he'd say. "Unless you get a perfect shuffle some cards will stay in the same order, and I'm the kind of fellow who can't help remembering the exact order in which the cards turned up for the previous three deals."

Vanderbilt has no less remarkable a card memory. He can remember a great

number of his Vanderbilt Cup hands, and all of the 16 hands he and Von Zedtwitz played against the world champion English team two years ago—not only the cards in each hand and the bids, but the order of play.

Naturally, in order to keep his brain attuned to such facts as this, Vanderbilt's approach to bridge is markedly impersonal. He is not likely within five minutes of leaving a bridge table to remember the names of either his partner or his opponents if he is playing with them for the first time.

"Never heard of him," Vanderbilt will say of a name his wife mentions in conversation.

"You call him for a partner two nights ago," his wife will reply, and that is enough to associate the man if not with his features, or his name, or his jokes, or his demeanor, at least with the cards he held. "Oh, yes," Vanderbilt will recall. "I remember on one hand he doubled a slam bid holding the following cards: the queen-small of spades . . . four little hearts. . ."

Vanderbilt's opinion of a bridge evening depends largely on his enjoyment of a good partnership. He will play bridge at almost any level, and often

does with house guests who are more at home with canasta. Even had bridge is better than no bridge at all, says Vanderbilt, and he plays it, if grudgingly. Naturally Vanderbilt is constantly on the lookout for a good partner and top-flight competition. When he is in New York, Vanderbilt seeks out the experts in the bridge clubs—either the Cavendish or the Regency.

The Cavendish started in the early days of contract. It moved all over New York—to the Mayfair House, the Ambassador, East 62nd Street, and is now holed up in the cellar of the Ritz Towers. The Cavendish is starkly utilitarian. Its quiet fluorescent-lighted rock-and-wool atmosphere broken only by the slap of cards, the scratch of matches, the quick spoken flurry of comments following the play of a hand, and an occasional belch from an old-fashioned water cooler set in a corner. The Regency Club, just east of Fifth Avenue on 67th Street, is a swankier club, with cruet furniture, private cardrooms and an excellent restaurant.

These places are a home away from home for most expert bridge players, and as soon as Vanderbilt steps through the door of one of the clubs, he is re-

cognized and greeted with pleasure. No matter what the hour, Vanderbilt can almost be sure of getting a game from such famous bridge players as John Crawford, Howard Schenken, Charles H. Goren (of the Goren system), Alvin K. Roth, Tobias Stone (the latter two the inventors of the Roth-Stone system), Helen Sobel, George Sapiro and Oswald Jacoby—names, in short, familiar to anyone who reads the bridge columns in the nation's press.

Perhaps most remarkable about Vanderbilt's bridge play—and it is something constantly remarked on by the experts—is the fact that theoretically he is an amateur. Bridge is not Vanderbilt's profession as it is with the vast majority of the experts he plays with in the bridge clubs. For example, to the bridge experts the so-called master points are of utmost importance. These are awarded the top finishers in tournaments sponsored by the American Contract Bridge League and are highly coveted, since they supply an index by which one's play can be judged. The pinnacle of success is to achieve the title Life Master, which is held by about 1,000 bridge players and signifies

continued on next page

THE HAND THAT LED TO VANDERBILT'S 1932 CUP VICTORY

THE BIDDING at both tables began, as shown at right, with South dealer and neither side vulnerable. When Vanderbilt on East bid four diamonds, not three spades as Hinkle had. Unless Von Zedtwitz had four spades, the immediate necessity of having to ruff hearts would almost surely work any game contract in spades—as it actually did. Vanderbilt knew, after his double of one heart which presumably indicated strength in spades, that his partner would not hesitate to bid a four-card spade suit even if it was headed only by the 10. Von Zedtwitz's bid of five diamonds ended the auction.

Fry led the king of hearts, followed by the nine of spades, which his partner, Watson, won with the ace after the jack was played from dummy. Watson returned a heart, which was trumped in dummy. Von Zedtwitz led the ace of clubs, ruffed a small club, a second heart and a second small club, drew three rounds of trumps, and won the three remaining tricks with dummy's spade and club kings and small club. A trump lead at trick one or two, or holding up the ace of spades on the first lead of that suit would have defeated the contract.

VANDERBILT.
VON ZEDTWITZ

5 4 3 2 A K Q J 10
 P P 10 10 10 10
 10 10 10 10 10 10
 P 10 10 10 10

SOUTH

5 4 3 2 A K Q J 10
 P P 10 10 10 10
 10 10 10 10 10 10
 P 10 10 10 10

WEST

5 4 3 2 A K Q J 10
 P P 10 10 10 10
 10 10 10 10 10 10
 P 10 10 10 10

EAST

5 4 3 2 A K Q J 10
 P P 10 10 10 10
 10 10 10 10 10 10
 P 10 10 10 10

BIDDING

5 4 3 2 A K Q J 10
 P P 10 10 10 10
 10 10 10 10 10 10
 P 10 10 10 10

VANDERBILT STORY

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that they hold over 100 master points. At the moment the top man on the Index is Charles H. Goren, with over 5,000 master points to his credit. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, is not presently credited with enough master points to qualify as a Life Master. That he is not, of course, is due to the infrequency of his tournament play since the master points scheme was evolved, but it attests to his amateur status in the highly professional world that is big-time bridge. Many of the players Vanderbilt finds in the Cavendish have immersed their waking hours in bridge. They write bridge columns, bridge books, invent systems, give lectures and lessons, and when they are not making money at bridge or trying to increase their master points total in tournaments, they talk bridge incessantly, or kibitz in one of the bridge clubs, and if their play has gone badly, they brood in a corner over ill-played hands. When they go sit down at a bridge table to play—and an expert averages upwards of 50 hands a day—they play for as much as 50 a point, pitting their skill against others who lead an equivalently absorbed life. Their skill is a matter of practice and keeping their brains tuned up to the demands that the standard of bridge they play will require.

VANDERBILT, however, is an exception to the rule. He can walk into the Cavendish after a trip abroad during which he has not touched a deck of cards and play on a par with men for whom bridge is a daily profession. "When Vanderbilt comes in here from a cruise or something," said one player last winter, "he is certainly the best player in the country for the first 15 minutes. For the rest of the evening he probably is." The qualification is simply a disabillie! in Vanderbilt's ability to sustain the awesome concentration that he practices at the bridge table. Vanderbilt himself thinks that the quality of his bridge falls off after sustained play, and lately he has tried to slack off on overlong bridge evenings. The hands, possible plays and bids whirling in his mind long after he has left the bridge table make it difficult for him to get a night's sleep.

The intensity with which Vanderbilt attacks bridge is summed up well by his wife. She used to play with her husband but gave up for reasons she made clear in a verse she wrote entitled, simply enough, *Bridge*.

*There's the horns and Schenker
and the Jacobson,
And they talk about bridge hands
from breakfast to tea.
Then they play the darn game 'til
a quarter past three;
They've parloined my boy friend
from me.*

*There's the Vanderbilt club and
the Colburn too;
There's the one over one and the
Sims' halibut.
I've studied them all 'til my
brain's in a stew;
They've parloined my boy friend
from me.*

*Whatever I bid, it's too strong or
too light;
I can tell by his sleek face
I never am right,
And if usually made in a marital
fight;
It's a hell of a game for a wife!*

Watching Vanderbilt at the bridge table or at the wheel of a yacht one can hardly believe that both bridge and yachting are simply what he calls pastimes. Though undeniably Vanderbilt has brought to all his activities the rigor of the professional outlook, he considers his true occupation businessman. Until the New York Central proxy fight two years ago he was the fourth generation of his family to be actively engaged in the management of the New York Central Railroad. He was one of the leaders in the proxy fight to keep Robert Young from gaining control of the Central, and Vanderbilt's loss, caused by the opposition controlling over a million shares more than the management, was one incalculably more bitter than any suffered with cards or racing boats.

His ability to shift from his business affairs to his pastimes with such success can be attributed to a mind which is of a specific rather than a general nature. If the average man's mind can be compared to a bonfire at night which lights up a substantial area, Vanderbilt's mind is like a thin, intense searchlight beam—lighting up one object to the exclusion of all else. His two excellent books on yachting—*On the Wind's Highway* and *Enterprise*—are remarkable in that, though they cover the decade from 1930-1940, there is not a hint in either of the outside world: the Depression, the fall of governments, the rise of fascism, or even, for that matter, closer at hand, the limited but colorful social whirl of Newport during the Cup series. Vanderbilt's mind is

concentrated on his yachts and their races—to the exclusion at the moment of what is neither of concern nor even of interest to him.

In the sporting world, such singleness of mind, whether it leads to success or not, does not capture the imagination of the general public. True, he has been widely acclaimed—thousands of handkerchiefs fluttered from the slopes of Newport's Castle Hill and the concentrated glare from the horns of hundreds of parked cars saluted his victories in the America's Cup series. But as a champion he is in the tradition of golfing's Ben Hogan: shy, reserved. Vanderbilt is not at home with the amenities of sport; he is not a man to be found amid the convivial company in the barroom of the yacht club following a race; he abhors the type of bridge play which is a front for dispersing gossip.

Fate itself seems to take a hand on the few occasions he has entered to the theory of the camaraderie of sportsmen. On one occasion in 1939 in England, during what was in essence a goodwill tour, Vanderbilt gave a dinner to which he invited a multitude of yachtsmen he had defeated that summer. Short on spelling but conscientious, Vanderbilt's Swedish steward laboriously copied out special menus to put before each plate. Startled yachtsmen picked up their menus to read that victor's feast was their soup course, to be followed by a fish course not calculated to put them at ease; sole meuniere.

That the amenities of sport come hard to him can be no reflection on Vanderbilt. It is difficult to think of a sports figure who has made such a profound contribution to the public. When he left college, Vanderbilt told his father that he wanted to take up an active interest in the New York Central. His father would not recommend it. "You are fortunate enough not to have to work," he said.

Vanderbilt's decision not to follow his father's advice, and to bring his instinct to excel to everything he's tried, has had a strange latter-day echo. "The public be damned!" is a phrase every schoolboy knows—a famous tag to the Vanderbilt family name. It is a statement Vanderbilt and his family are very sensitive about, believing firmly that the circumstances under which his grandfather made the remark have never been fully appreciated. Whatever the spirit of the remark, by his contributions to the millions who sail and play bridge, Vanderbilt's life has been a refutation of that phrase, and a ghost has been laid low. (CCC)

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Another, and more traditional, timing device has a special appeal to navigators among the rally crowd. It's the Autavia, a Swiss-made stop watch which measures seconds, minutes and hours and has such large knobs for starting, stopping and re-setting that it can be operated with gloves on. The Autavia (#48, Abercrombie & Fitch, New York) is built into a Gator case with



Abstract

screw holes for attaching it either to a dashboard or a navigator's clipboard. And speaking of clipboards, a new one, the Ray-Rite, is now available which very neatly solves the problem of navigating by night: it has a battery-powered light attached to the top of the metal board (\$7.50, Abercrombie & Fitch). Other products of interest to night railfers and drivers are the lights made by the Lumex Company of Birmingham, England, manufacturer of Uhlman fixtures for 85% of all British

cars. One is a chromium-plated, brass-finished spotlight with an 80,000-candle-power beam concentrated into a long, pencil-thin ray and as a twin to it a foglight with a widespread, flat-stepped beam with a sharp cutoff (\$14.75 each, Lucas Electrical Services, Inc., 458 Tenth Ave., New York 36, or 5925 W. Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles).

The Sports Car Club of America now has its own official shirt. A fine cotton



LOCAL LIGHT IS POWERFUL, MEANS AID

knit, it comes in navy, black, red or white and bears the SCCA emblem on the chest. It is available to members only (\$10, SCCA, Box 781, Westport, Conn.). A coverall with just about everything for drivers is being produced of leatherweight Egyptian Finca cotton, Zelex-treated for water repellency (\$14.75, Lion Uniform Co., 44



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Paula Green

1. *Journal of Management Education* 31(10):1133-1146
 2. *Journal of Management Education* 31(10):1147-1158

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TABLE 1

ACTIVAIR SHIRT

Flora, Island group, have observed under what conditions the Eel and scumblers of sand water are to be met and whether groups of fishes (such as those of the Eel group) would be found under these conditions. Further work under sand is necessary. (See also page 101.)



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MARK, FORE & STRIKE

REPORT CAN BE MADE

continued from page 23

Grand Prix, which is played over the Sebring and Watkins Glen courses, each car moving under the control of the driver, who makes his decisions on gear shifting and cornering based on the car's specifications, printed on cards, not by spinners or dice. Just as in actual racing, it is the best driver who wins Grand Prix. It can be played by from 2 to 12 persons (\$34). There are two record albums that should delight any sports car enthusiast. One, called *Sounds of Sebring* (\$5.95), was recorded at this year's race. It includes interviews with such drivers as Stirling Moss and Juan Manuel Fangio, the sounds of the cars serving and racing, and hourly reports on the race. The other album, *Sports Cars in Hi-Fi* (\$5.95), records sounds of the pit, of a race, trial runs and cars from MGs to Ferraris in action. Both recordings are by Riverside Records. There are also three new books worthy of any automobile fan's attention. One, *A Picture History of Motor racing* (Macmillan Company, N.Y., \$5.95), is a fascinating pictorial record by L.T.C. Ball, the Englishman who organized the Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally in 1954. *Sports Car Racism, Trials and Gymkhana* (Chappel Press, \$3) by David Hebe-



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and Arthur Peck is the first handbook on this fast-growing sport. In 159 pages of text, photographs, drawings and diagrams give the most detailed information on all phases of sports car activity, from rally arithmetic to staging big-time international events. The Three-Pointed Star (W. W. Norton & Co., \$7.50) by David Scott-Moncrieff with St. John Nixon and Clarence Paget "is the complete account of the machines, the men, the races and the triumphs that have made the marque of Mercedes-Benz second to none in the automobile world." Read with the symphony of Sports Cars in Hi-Fi on the record machine as background music, all three volumes should make an armchair seem as glorious a place to be as the cockpit of a 340 SL.

— **FRANCIS B. SUTHER**



TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for
inconsistent putters

from **BILL TOMKER**, Seattle Golf Club, Seattle

Putting to most non-golfers looks to be a very simple performance, but to most golfers it is a nerve-racking test that varies in results from day to day. A favorite expression regarding a beginner who is enjoying good results on the green is that he "hasn't yet found out how difficult putting is." Putting is assuredly one department of golf in which most players allow themselves to think too much about what they may do wrong, and this is what makes it so tough.

One positive approach to putting I would like to stress is this: first, be sure that you look at that "spot" on the ball which is directly behind the line to the hole. Try to imagine that a chalked line runs from the hole to that spot on the ball (allowing for the roll on this line, of course, when you do not have a straight putt). Then try to tap the ball crisply so that it will roll right on top of that chalked line to the hole.

Too much cannot be said about tapping the ball crisply. A lot of golfers have gotten off on the wrong track by having putting explained to them as a stroke in which no prelude contact is made with the ball. Trying to stroke the ball fluidly, they tend to stroke it overergently, and the result is that they develop a push or pat stroke that has no conviction. Try tapping the putt. The ball must be hit smoothly but it must be hit.



Try to imagine that a chalked line runs from the ball to the hole

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: JIMMY HINES ON THE EXCESSIVE PIVOT

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THE OLYMPIC ISSUE

Sir:

Could you please consider a comprehensive article on all records, world, Olympic and unofficial achievements this year before the Olympic Games, so that interested persons could cut it out and retain it as a reference during the Games? If possible add photos of probable winners or favorites. I hope that you have something like that planned.

GUNLARD ORAVAS

Detroit

• The editors of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** have been planning their Nov. 19th issue—the special Olympic issue—for more than a year. We hope that Mr. Oravas and the millions of sports enthusiasts looking forward to the X'VI Olympiad will find this issue a uniquely comprehensive and beautiful appraisal of the coming international games. The special Olympic issue will have 24 pages of color devoted to the stars of all nations, complete scoring reports on all events and performers, two specially commissioned gate-fold paintings and a preview by special Olympic contributor Roger Hanstater. —ED.

FOOTBALL: THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

Sir:

If I had to pick one part of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and say, "this is the best," I would pick the college football coverage. With about 300 college football games every Saturday, your magazine picks out the most important between the best, and describes them in an interesting way that a layman can understand. ...

JOE ORION

N. Andover, Mass.

FOOTBALL: ILLINOIS CONFERENCE

Sir:

Imagine my surprise to see at the end of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s Midwest roundup (Oct. 22) the scores of three College Conference of Illinois contests.

However, I was disappointed not to see the score I looked for most. My alma mater, Wheaton College, decisively beat our bitter rival, Lake Forest College, 41 to 12 in a thrilling homecoming battle.

Wheaton is outstanding in sports, being the defending champ in football in the College Conference of Illinois. Saturday's game was our 11th straight conference win.

REV. GEORGE ALDEN COLE JR.

New York

• With two more wins these past Saturdays, we join the Rev. Mr. Cole in a long, loud locomotive for Wheaton: W-H-E-A-T-O-N! Fight, Crusaders, fight!—ED.

FOOTBALL: HOMEWORK

Sir:

By virtue of much study of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s football issue and being far more lucky than I like to admit I was able to win the Wichita Beacon football contest and \$40. This contest has about 8,000 entries per week, so please give my sincere thanks to Herman Hickman.

L. P. CUMMINGS

Oberlin, Kan.

• You're welcome, says Herman Hickman. —ED.

BASEBALL: A FITTING END

Sir:

William Saroyan's beautiful coverage on the recently completed World Series (31, Oct. 22) was one of the best. If not the greatest, piece of writing on sports that I have ever been privileged to read. It was a year of sport in itself, a whole lifetime of sport, a truly fitting end to a great spectacle.

EDWARD PATERMAN

Madison, Wis.

BASEBALL: THE REASON WHY

Sir:

William Saroyan's baseball article told me exactly why every year I have eagerly

MR. CAPER



followed the miserable fortunes of the Chicago White Sox without ever being rewarded by seeing them win a pennant.

JOHN T. FULLERT

Herk, Calif.

SABOYAN: THE GREATEST

Sir:

One by One and Stars was just plain "the greatest." I've never read anything so superbly written and never expect to again.

JAMES E. TURNER

Baton Rouge

SABOYAN: A WARNING

Sir:

As your subject matter stick to reporting the fortnight, honest effort that athletes exert.

This commination is prompted by a sense of duty to save you from being back-trapped by possible letters in guise of this revealing, phony style of baseball reporting. You may assume that all readers who do not write are inarticulate with anguish.

KENNETH McCAUSLAND

La Grange Park, Ill.

• There are no inarticulate baseball fans.—ED.

BASEBALL: CLUTCH RITTER

Sir:

I was very much interested in EVERTS & DISCOVERIES' description of Mr. Muller's ingenious cardboard chair for calculating baseball players' "clutch hitting" performances. Where can I get hold of one of these gadgets?

CLARK T. KING

Fairport, N.Y.

• Send a dollar to Mr. Muller at Room 518, 808 North Third Street, Milwaukee.—ED.

GOLF: VOTER'S RECORD

Sir:

Herbert Warren Wind strikes a responsive chord when he suggests reversion of the one-stroke out-of-bounds penalty (*Let's Cheer Up the Rules*, Oct. 22). Tally my vote. My qualifications: shooting 101 last Saturday, with an ace on the last hole!

L. D. GRADY

Palmspring, Pa.

by AJAY



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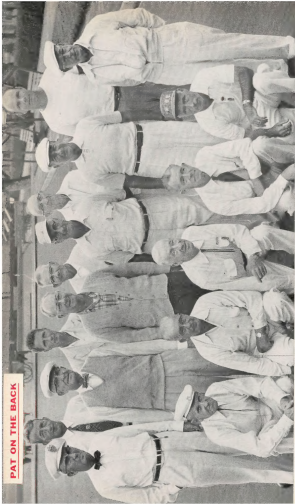
—coming your way in the November 19th issue

Here's a scintillating report on the Olympic Games opening in Melbourne a few weeks from now—and here, in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Preview**, you'll find everything you need to follow each event . . . the stars to watch, the races to bet, the records that may stand or fall . . . plus a 24-page color portfolio of international stars and a unique fold-out printing of the ancient Greek Games and the modern record breakers.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S ALL-OLYMPIC PREVIEW ISSUE (NOVEMBER 19TH)

Tell your friends about it . . . they'll enjoy it, too!



Roger Greenwald

For the first time in its 14-year history, the International Lawn Bowling Great Trophy has been won by U.S. teams, which defeated Great Britain in matches at Bortin, Chicago and Los Angeles. Above is the Los Angeles team. Front row, from left: Walter Bolderson, retired, L.A.; Arnold Lee, bowler, Oakland;

LAWN BOWLING CHAMPIONS

Edward Jendael, retired, L.A.; Robert Deggett, labor organizer, Long Beach; John Mitchell, bowler, Santa Barbara. Center: Team Captain Melvin Hooper, real estate broker, Redlands; Frank Murray, retired, Glendale; Nathan Waldington, machinist, and Len Schindler, engineer, Costa Mesa;

W. O. Hay, Honorary President, American Lawn Bowling Association, L.A.; Chester Shores, assistant, Riverside; Sandy Lockhart, manager, Palo Alto; Alan Veltich, assistant, Oakland; Andy Anderson, store manager, Berkeley; Edward Magee, retired, and Richard Follins, sergeant, L.A.



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